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[ONE PENNY.



DESTRUCTION OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY FIRE.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, on Friday, the Sales of Reversions Bill, the Drainage and Improvement of Lands (Ireland) Supplemental Bill, the Metropolis Street Act Amendment Bill, the Income-tax Bill, and the Consolidated Fund (£2,000,000) Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, Lord Stanley, in reply to Mr. D. Griffith, stated that the Spanish Government had expressed their willingness to grant compensation to the owners of the Queen Victoria; but as the claim set up appeared to them excessive, the question of what it should be was still under their consideration; they had promised, however, that there should be no unnecessary delay. The noble lord also observed, in answer to a question put by Mr. Goldney, that no fresh understanding had been come to between France and Austria for the maintenance of the Ottoman empire, and certainly no action had been taken in the matter. On the motion for considering the Lord's amendments to the Metropolitan Streets Act Amendment Bill, Mr. Ayrton inadvertently upon the manner in which the Government had conducted the measure through Parliament, and taunted the Home Secretary with weakness in submitting to the dictation of the proprietors and drivers of cabs.—Mr. Hardy repudiated the charge, and declared that so far from being intimidated, he had refused to yield to the suggestion of the deputation which had waited upon him that he should suspend the law, and the matter had been left entirely to his discretion. The cab proprietors had, in his opinion, made out a fair case for further inquiry.—Lord Echo confirmed the statement of the Home Secretary. The Lords' amendment was then agreed to.

BOTH Houses of Parliament met on Saturday in order to hear the Royal Assent given to the several bills that have been passed during the session, and then adjourned to the 13th February next.

THE FIRST FEMALE VOTER.

THE contest for the representation of Manchester last week brought into prominence a new element among voters. While some people talk, others act; and so, while a great deal of wordy discussion has been going on as to whether women, who pay taxes, shall have the right of voting as to who shall spend the money collected, Mrs. Lily Maxwell appears to have acted to some purpose. Her name, by some means or other, had got enrolled in the list of electors; and when she presented herself, in the midst of a species of mild triumphal procession, to record her vote for Mr. Jacob Bright, the clerk had no alternative but to take the proffered vote, and record it along with those tendered by persons of the more favoured sex.

The name of "Lily Maxwell" is registered (No. 12326) as that of a person entitled to vote for the Parliamentary borough of Manchester. How this came about no one has yet told us. It is suggested that the registrar may have supposed Lily to be a masculine name. We do not in the least see how such a mistake could arise. Had the name been Sidney or Frances, or some others which are borne by both men and women, and are nearly alike, we could have understood the mistake; or if it happened (as it does not unfrequently in Scotland) that the female voter had been called by a really masculine name, the origin of the mistake would have been clear. But the name "Lily" is so essentially feminine that we must look for some other explanation. We suppose that the lady will hardly come forward here to enlighten us. But the plan that succeeded once might be efficacious again; and the registrar of voters for Manchester will, no doubt, be on his guard in future, lest other female voters should be found on his lists.

The vote was not given secretly or in a by-the-way fashion. "Lily Maxwell" was accompanied to the Chorlton Town-hall, where she recorded her vote, by Miss Becker, the secretary of the Women's Suffrage Society of Manchester. This conjunction is ominous. Moreover, a number of persons, among whom were several members of the All Saints' Ward Committee, accompanied the lady to and from the poll.

The Times has laughed at, and sneered no little about the event, and has said that women do not care about political power—that is, about votes. But the instance on which the comments were made proves the contrary, and has shown that, if women had votes, they would probably be perfectly able sensibly to use the power thus given them.

The following letter from Miss Becker to the editor of the Times has appeared in that journal:—

"SIR.—Will you permit me to say that the Women's Suffrage Society of Manchester is not responsible for the occurrence of Mrs. Lily Maxwell's name on the register of electors for this city? We do not know how it came there, but, finding it on the register, the owner of the name used her vote in accordance with her political opinions.

"Lily Maxwell is a widow who keeps a small shop in a quiet street in Manchester. She supports herself and pays her own rates and taxes out of her own earnings. She has no man to influence or be influenced by, and she has very decided political principles, which determined her vote for Mr. Jacob Bright at the recent election. We are perfectly aware that a legal scrutiny might result in depriving this householder and ratepayer of the privilege of the franchise; but, though such a decision might be legal, we are unable to perceive why it would be equitable to take away her vote from a person who has proved that she values the privilege, and who fulfills every condition which the law declares essential to its exercise.—Yours, &c.,

"LYDIA E. BECKER, Hon. Secretary Manchester National Society for Women's Suffrage.

"113, Carter-street, Greenhays, Nov. 30."

The Queen is in no respect a political journal; but we think this matter quite worthy of record, and interesting to our readers as a fact, whether they regard the franchise as suitable for women or not.—Queen.

THE PRUSSIAN AND AUSTRIAN FORCES.

THE much-disputed question of the actual strength of the forces of Austria and Prussia respectively which were engaged in the Bohemian campaign of last year has been very fully gone into in a series of articles lately published in the *Algemeine Zeitung of Augsburg*. The author of the articles takes his facts and figures exclusively from official sources, such as the "Journal of the Prussian Statistical Office," and the "Announcements of the Imperial Royal Statistical Commission." From these data he shows that the combined armies of Prussia and her allies amounted to 437,232 men, including 55,660 who constituted the reserve and the army of the Main (74,613); and that the Austrian force consisted of 646,636 men, 240,000 of whom were stationed at Hungary and the Imperial fortresses. Prussia, therefore, had, in round numbers, 437,000 men at her disposal, and Austria 407,000. Deducting the troops of the allies of the two Powers, the forces of Austria in the field was 302,000, and that of Prussia 262,000. A large proportion of the Austrian army, however, and that the most effective, was engaged in Italy; so that the actual force of Austria in Bohemia amounted to 240,000 men only. To this force Prussia opposed 307,000 men, the remainder of her army being either engaged on the Main or held in reserve. It would appear, therefore, that the Austrian troops in Bohemia were inferior to their adversaries in numbers as well as in military organization and armament.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

LORD CHARLES HAMILTON, the Duke of Hamilton's brother, has arrived in Abyssinia from India, having volunteered to join the expedition to that country.

THE PRINCE OF WALES proceeded on Tuesday to Buckingham Hall, the shooting-box of Earl Dudley. Great preparations were made at the hall for the reception of his Royal Highness.

The hearing of the case against the Rev. A. H. Mackenzie, incumbent of St. Alban's Holborn, was adjourned at the rising of the Court, on Saturday, until after Christmas. Mr. Stephen, counsel, for the plaintiffs, again spoke at great length—about four hours—but was understood to have concluded his argument.

It is said that, in the event of Mr. Murray Dunlop resigning the representation of Greenock, many of the electors of the burgh are desirous of proposing that his nephew, Mr. Alexander Graham Dunlop, should be nominated to succeed him. Mr. A. Graham Dunlop is the eldest son of Mr. Dunlop, of Gairbraid and Maryhill, near Glasgow, and is at present consul at Andalusia, in Spain.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, with the friendly sentiments towards this country which have more than once been manifested, has intimated to the Executive Committee of the Fine Arts Exhibition to be held at Leeds in 1868, his willingness to accept the office of Patron of the Exhibition, and his intention of contributing several works of art from the Royal collections, which will, no doubt, include some very fine specimens of the Belgian School of Painting.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, attended by Major Grey, Mr. H. Fisher, the Hon. Mrs. E. Coke, and Lady Susan Melville, and accompanied by the rest of the guests at Sandringham, drove to Snettisham on Friday last, and hunted with the West Norfolk foxhounds. The Princess of Wales, who wore a scarlet cloak, drove her pair of grey ponies. The meet was very numerously attended. A fox was killed at Cane-hill. The Royal party afterwards returned to Sandringham.

AN important judgment was delivered on Saturday by Vice-Chancellor Wood, on the question of a shareholder's liability to a company based on a prospectus which contained false and deceptive statements. The plaintiff had been induced by such a prospectus to take shares in the Great Yarmouth Royal Hotel Company (Limited), now in the course of winding up, and sought to be removed from the list of contributors. It is now decided that, although "this was not a bubble company, for there was a bona-fide existing business, and no doubt an honest intention to carry it on," the unfounded statements in the prospectus being authorized by the directors, they must re-fund to the plaintiff the £100 he had paid, remove his name from the register, of the members of the company, and pay the costs of the suit and action.

A VERY POOR LAW.

A GENERAL impression exists, founded, we think, on not unreasonable grounds, that the main defect of the present poor law consists in the fact that its administration devolves into unworthy and incompetent hands. But in every union there exists a class of *ex-officio* guardians who, from their social position and education, might be supposed to be able to counteract the evil influence and make up for the deficiencies of the small jobbing tradesmen and farmers who paralyze by their presence at poor-law boards the salutary action of public relief. Consolatory as this theory is, it must be admitted that, in the case of the Farnham Union at least, it has failed entirely in practice. Attention has been called to the subject of tramp relief given by the chairman of the Farnham Union, a county magistrate and *ex-officio* guardian, which ought to ensure a black mark against that gentleman's name at Whitehall. On Friday there appeared in the *Times* a summary of the evidence given before the commission of inquiry by another *ex-officio* guardian of the same union—a Captain Newcombe. We reprint his evidence as reported in the *Times*; and we ask, assuming the report to be correct, whether such evidence ought not to ensure Captain Newcombe's instant dismissal from the administration of the law in both the counties in which he now exercises his unpaid functions. The gallant officer states that:—

"He was a magistrate for both Hampshire and Surrey, and being an *ex-officio* guardian of this union, he had, up to a comparatively recent period, frequently visited the house. The only other union work he had visited was that of Epson, which he regarded as a model house, but he had had much experience with respect to barracks, and through all his experience he never saw anything better or cleaner than the workhouse at Farnham: excepting, he resumed, after a little thought, during the visits of the last few months, when he was not so much struck with the general cleanliness, which, however, was 'not so bad.' As to there being a smell from the cesspool and drainage, the smells, he said, were 'no worse now than people had to put up with some years ago.'

"Interrupting the counsel who was examining him, the witness said he particularly wished to speak about 'tramps and such like vagabonds,' as he had had much to do with them, he having, as justice, had many brought before him. He considered the Farnham tramp wards quite good enough for such a class as these people were, for he knew they often slept in barns and under bridges in summer. They tore up blankets and clothes, and were altogether a very difficult class to deal with."

The Commissioner remarked that the witness had made no new discovery in finding that this was a difficult question, for there had been attempted legislation upon it for several centuries.

The witness went on to say, in very warm terms, that he entirely disapproved this inquiry being held. He looked upon all the complaints which had been made as to the mismanagement of this house to be nothing more than "mere newspaper claptrap," and altogether as a mere newspaper business.

On being questioned by Mr. A. L. Smith as to whether it was a proper thing to lock up the tramps, of whatever class of people they may be, without food, the witness said he thought it was a proper thing to leave this to the discretion of the master. On being asked if he thought it right to lock up people for a night in a place described as a "hutch," where there was no convenience, he replied in the affirmative, saying that boys were so locked up; and on being asked if he thought it right to lock up ten men together in a place like that, as it had been proved had been done, he, after some hesitation, replied in the negative. With respect to the general treatment of the paupers in the house, he considered they were better treated than envoys in Her Majesty's service, for those officers did not have water beds and such things; at all events such was his experience. He had not observed whether or not the girls in the foul wards had shoes, for these wards were very disagreeable—bad smells and so on. But then he considered the places were quite good enough for the purpose to which they were put—were as good as barrack accommodation. Of course the workhouse wards for the sick were not to be compared with the London hospitals, for London places were beautiful and well ventilated, and altogether different from workhouse wards.

In reply to the Commissioner, the witness said he believed that it was only within the last few years that there had been a visiting committee, and previously the guardians visited the house as they thought proper. It was also elicited that, notwithstanding the fact that the late master had been called upon to resign, in consequence of his having been found guilty of immoral conduct, the witness had given him a testimonial in which this fact was suppressed.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE dilapidated houses at the corner of Stamford-street are at last "To let." Twenty years of squabbling, forcible entry, and violent ejection have passed since the last tenants left dust and decay to work alone in their ruin.

THREE men connected with the coastguard were one evening last week leaving Dingle in a cart, when the vehicle got upset on a lonely part of the road, and two of the men, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Murphy, were instantly killed. The third was rendered incapable of motion, and might have lain on the unrented spot all night had he not been discovered by a couple of women passing that way.

THE other evening, as a train was passing along the Severn Junction line of railway, near Holloway-lane, Dawley, the driver observed a man standing on the side of the line holding a gun. When the train reached the spot where he stood the fellow raised the gun and fired at the engine. Some of the shots struck the stoker on the hand, but happily he was not hurt. The man then ran away, and no trace of him has been discovered.

A SHOCKING accident occurred on Friday evening on the York and Newcastle Railway, near the latter place, adding another to the innumerable list of catastrophes which have resulted from the reprehensible practice of walking along the rails. Shortly after ten o'clock Mr. Richardson, a brick maker, and Mr. Graggs, a farmer, who had no right whatever to be there, were walking on the line when they observed a goods train approaching. They stepped aside on to the other line while it passed, unconscious that at the same moment an express train was coming in the opposite direction. They were struck with frightful force. Richardson was thrown on to the line he had just left, and was run over and killed on the spot by the goods train; while Graggs was hurled in the other direction, and fell clear of the line into a ditch, his body being observed by the engine-driver as a black mass flying through the air at a height equal to that of the funnel of the engine. He is not dead, but has sustained a compound fracture of the skull and other injuries, and is not expected to survive.

THE official inquiry at the Farnham Workhouse by Mr. Lambert and Dr. E. Smith was closed on Saturday. The evidence taken since our last report included that of Captain Newcombe, a magistrate of Surrey and Hants, and an *ex-officio* guardian. He stated that up to a late period he had been on the visiting committee, and had inspected the house much oftener than he had entered his name in the visitors' book. He had great experience in the inspection of barracks, at which he had never seen anything better or cleaner than what he found at Farnham Workhouse until the last few months, and then it was not so very bad, although he was not much struck with the general cleanliness. The objections to the children's day-room were ridiculous and frivolous, considering where the children came from. He considered the complaints of the *Lancet* as merely a clap-trap newspaper business, and that although the inquiry was not necessary it might do good generally. Mr. Eve, another guardian, said the article in the *Lancet* was unfair and unjust. The guardians sought the public inquiry, and it was at their request that it was granted. Mr. Sargent, the late master, was also examined, and categorically denied nearly all the charges made against him in the course of the investigation. The proceedings commenced on Saturday with the address of Mr. Barrow in refutation of the charges, and in support of the evidence brought forward on behalf of the guardians. Mr. A. Smith replied on behalf of the *Lancet* commissioners, after which the proceedings terminated.

THE trial of the Alton murderer, Frederick Baker, at Winchester, was brought to a close on Friday evening at about half-past seven o'clock. The jury were twenty minutes absent from court, and then returned with a verdict of "Guilty." The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed, replied "No" in a low tone, and was then sentenced to be hanged. A feature in the case for the prosecution which no doubt weighed against the prisoner a good deal was the fact that on the day of the murder he had made this entry in his diary: "Killed a young girl. Fine and hot." His counsel, Mr. Carter, in dealing with this part of the case, observed, when he first saw it, he thought it was a remarkable entry. What was it? "Killed a young girl. Fine and hot." It appeared as if he had thought it a great act, but hot. But when they examined the diary it was remarkable for stating certain events. It might have been a record of a young girl having been killed. It did not say, "I killed a young girl." There was an entry of a child drowned in King's pond. Would they infer from that that the prisoner had drowned the child? The words, "it is fine and hot," were absolutely entered in the diary no less than 164 times. But there were entries in that diary showing that the prisoner regularly attended his church at least twice every Sunday, and then came the last entry, "Killed a young girl." The learned counsel argued that even supposing the prisoner meant by the entry that he had killed the child, it was very probably but a delusion on his part, and if the jury should think that it was indeed he who had committed the murder, he asked them to acquit him on the ground of insanity, inasmuch as a motiveless murder proved an unsound mind. In support of this line of argument a number of witnesses were called who proved that insanity existed in the prisoner's family, and that he had himself shown symptoms of it. The execution is fixed for Tuesday, the 24th inst.

THE CAB QUESTION.

LORD ELCHER has rendered a public service in pouring oil upon the troubled waters of the cabmen's meeting. The word spoken in season has, as usual, borne good fruit. So long as the English aristocracy thus sympathise and take part with their less favoured fellow subjects when suffering from unmerited grievances, there is little danger of their losing a legitimate influence in the conduct of public affairs. That the cabmen have reasonable grounds of complaint it would be unjust to deny. Regarded as a body, they are as civil, honest, and industrious as any other of the working classes. They are brought, however, in such immediate contact with the opulent classes that the slightest rudeness or intemperance is treated as little short of high treason. They are frequently accused, too, of extortion, if they claim sixpence in addition to their regulated fare, no matter how inclement the weather or how trying the state of the roads. Neither are they in the present case wholly in the wrong. It is manifestly unjust to compel cabs to carry lamps, unless the same law be extended to carts, vans, and private carriages. Nor are two lamps indispensable. All that is wanted is a warning beacon to others, and if the street lamps were as efficient as they ought to be even this precaution might be left optional with the cab-owner. As it is, however, all wheeled vehicles alike should be compelled to exhibit a light of some sort, though the owner should be permitted the exercise of his own discretion as to its form and fashion, and to purchase it in the cheapest market. The duty upon cabs is also oppressive, and bears hard upon men struggling for a mere existence. It might be reduced by at least one-half. The enormous charge, moreover, made by the railway companies for admission to their stations is a wrong done to the public. On the contrary, every facility and encouragement should be afforded to cabmen to induce them to be always in attendance to convey railway travellers to their respective destinations without delay. Free-trade, however, is as requisite in the matter of public vehicles as in other things pertaining to our comfort. Sixpence a mile may be an adequate remuneration for the ordinary class of cabs, but it is not enough to call into existence a superior class of conveyance fit for the use of ladies. In conclusion, we would impress upon the cabmen to hold at arms' length the roughs and rowdies who made Trafalgar-square hideous last Tuesday night.—Leader.

METROPOLITAN.

We have good reason to believe that an uniform and adequate dietary scale for country workhouses is under the consideration of the Poor-Law Board, and that measures are likely to be taken to secure that desirable result.

The food committee of the Society of Arts have had the subject of more markets for London under their consideration. At their meeting on Saturday last it was determined to collect information on this head, with a view to promote the establishment of additional facilities for the supply of food to the metropolis.

The clock of Old Lambeth Church, after 200 years' service, is about to be replaced by a modern successor, and the window commemorating the existence of "the pedlar and his dog" to be enriched by the addition of coloured glass. The cost is to be defrayed from a grant of £250 out of the proceeds of the Pedlar's Acre estate.

It is proposed to make a new street from the New Kent-road, across the Dover-road, Kent-street, through St. George's New Town, into Tooley-street. This will break up a colony of the most desperate thieves and other birds of prey, at a cost of nearly £20,000, to be borne by the parishes of St. George-the-Martyr, St. Mary, Bermondsey, and St. Mary, Newington.

ACCORDING to a return issued from the office of the Irish Registrar General, it appears the percentage of persons in Ireland who signed the marriage register with marks in 1865 and 1866 was as follows:—In districts containing parliamentary boroughs (1865) 36.4 men and 49.9 women; (1866) 33.5 men and 46.5 women. In districts not containing parliamentary boroughs (1865), 43.6 men and 53.7 women; (1866) 42.4 men, 52.4 women.

At the Middlesex Sessions a railway porter at the Victoria Station of the London and Brighton Railway, was charged with stealing a valuable diamond cross. The prosecutor had a portmanteau which was given half an hour before the train started to prisoner to label and put into the van. The next day prosecutor's wife, on opening the portmanteau, discovered that a diamond cross which she had put there was missing. Eventually it was found to have been pawned by a woman who it was alleged was prisoner's wife. The point, however, was not satisfactorily established, and the jury acquitted the prisoner.

ON Tuesday last numerous large flights of wild fowl made their appearance on the Surrey side of the Thames, and at Kew and Kingston a large flock of wild ducks and teal located on the river, and afforded good sport for the "knights of the trigger." In the river Wandle several species of wild fowl were shot, and on the large waters at Claremont both flights of wild geese and ducks have alighted in large numbers. During the day many droves of wild fowl passed over as if on transit to the south coast. The large influx of these feathered visitors in this part of the country is an unmistakable sign of approaching hard weather in the north.

WINTER seems to have set in in good earnest. Another fall of snow took place in the metropolis early on Monday morning, accompanied by a bitterly cold wind. In the early part of that day, the large traffic along the principal thoroughfares caused the snow to melt, but this having frozen, the roads and footways became slippery. No serious accident had been reported, although the horses could scarcely retain their footing. In the outlying districts, which are exposed to the wind, the roads were in so bad a condition that travelling for man and beast was not only much impeded, but rendered positively dangerous. On Tuesday however, a thaw set in, and the weather became more genial.

ON Thursday week an inquest was held in Devon's-road, Bromley, on the body of George Henry Pritchard, aged 48 years. The deceased was formerly in a good position, but through losses became reduced to a dreadful state of destitution. The family, including five children, had often been without food, and at best had only a scanty allowance of bread. On Sunday morning deceased fell forward on his face on the floor, and the other members of the family were so far gone in starvation that he remained unnoticed until Monday morning, when he was found to be dead. A Mr. H. Ellis and he visited the place on Monday morning, and saw the deceased lying on his face on the floor. Four little children were lying on the floor, they were aged 13, 11, 7, and 6 years respectively, and there was a baby of 13 months. There was a bundle in the middle of the floor, and he was going to step on it to reach the deceased, when the boy said, "That's my mother!" She was the most deplorable object he had ever seen. She was all but dead. The husband was dead and cold. There was neither fire, nor food, nor furniture in the house. Dr. H. V. Garman said he found the man dead and stiff. The mother was nearly dead. The deceased had died from inflammation of the lungs consequent on the want of the necessities of life. If Mr. Ellis had not acted with the promptitude he did, the wife would not have lasted an hour. She was still so ill that she could not be told of the death of her husband. A little girl, it was stated, was now delirious, and in her delirium she spoke of nothing but her previous misery. It was pitiful to hear her say, "It is the last bit of bread! Keep it for the baby!" The jury returned a verdict of "Death from pleuro-pneumonia, accelerated by want of food and necessary clothing."

ROWING, TRAINING, AND PLUCK.

No one can doubt that, whatever else rowing may be, it is an admirable trial of pluck. It is, with one exception, the only out-door sport practised by gentlemen for which any serious training is undertaken; and training may be defined as the art of developing pluck. There are, as all moralists know, certain virtues which depend directly upon our physical organs. No man can be thoroughly healthy in mind who has a bad digestion. It is said that Calvinism was eradicated from a certain district in America simply by drainage. A thorough system of drains improved the general tone of health, and put an end not only to aches, but to the gloomy spirit favourable to unpleasant doctrine about predestination. On the same principle, courage is intimately connected with a vigorous condition of body. It is physically possible to go through efforts after a few weeks' regular living which would have knocked you up at the beginning of the period; but training, if we look at it from a general point of view, should raise a man's courage, not only by diminishing the painful obstacles arising from excessive fat and other evils that flesh is heir to, but by more directly raising the morale of the subject. A trainer has not done half his work who allows his crew ever to get out of spirits, to contemplate the possibility of disaster, or to dwell upon their own fanciful or real ailments. A man about to start in a severe race should not only be clear in complexion and well-developed in muscle, but should have the hearty, confident style which, being translated, means "death or victory."—*St. Paul's.*

MR. C. S. WINDOVER'S HICKORY AND STEEL CARRIAGES.—Extraordinary improvements have of late years been made in the manufacture of carriages, but we are indebted to Mr. Windover, of Long-acre, for attaining perfection in this difficult and delicate art. His show of carriages at the Agricultural Hall during the week was unrivalled, not only for elegance and finish, but for the incredible lightness of the vehicles; it being well known that to combine lightness with elegance and durability is the first and last object of the coach-builder's ambition. Fairy-like broughams, compact, strong, but nevertheless we may almost say a pleasure for a horse to draw, certainly a pleasure to ride in, dog-carts, waggonettes, are Mr. Windover's specialties; and we may safely and conscientiously say that in this refined branch of his trade he is now, as he has been for some years, without a rival.

PROVINCIAL.

MR. DAVID NICOL, manager of the Blackburn branch of the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company for upwards of twenty years, was on Friday brought up on remand, on four charges of forgery, theft, and embezzlement. Mr. Pickop appeared for the prisoner. A good deal of evidence was put in for the defence, to show that an inducement of forgiveness had been held out by the directors of the would make a clean breast of it; but the magistrates decided to commit the prisoner to Lancaster Assizes for trial, which was accordingly done on four separate charges.

A SERIOUS explosion took place on Saturday morning at Dickson's gunpowder mills, near Lake Windermere. Three men were killed, three others were seriously injured, and a horse and van blown to pieces. The affair in itself was like all other similar catastrophes; the only person in the place when the explosion took place was killed, and no one can say how it was caused. One of the men, however, had a miraculous escape. He was engaged, with another man named Prattinson, in loading a van with powder at the door of the building when it exploded. *Messingham* was blown half a mile away, and the horse and van shattered to pieces, while his fellow-servant escaped with only a slight bruise on one leg.

ON Friday afternoon an accident of a serious character occurred in the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Clegg and Co., Greenock. The keel of a large steamer for the Hamburg American Steam Navigation Company, of about 3,000 tons, having been laid in the yard of the above eminent builders, upwards of a dozen carpenters and a number of labourers were engaged setting the frames or "ribs" of the vessel temporarily upon the keel, previous to their being "set" and secured in the usual way. Nineteen of these large frames were hoisted into their places, when suddenly a violent gust of wind swept across the river, and in a moment the frames were seen to vibrate. The outside frame ultimately yielded to the pressure, and falling against the others they all fell like "nine pins" with a terrible smash upon the men at work below. Two men were killed upon the spot. Four others were seriously injured.

A CRATHIEN correspondent writes:—"We are here in the middle of a severe snowstorm, which came on very unexpectedly on Sunday. The morning was delightful, the sun rose with unusual brightness, and seemed to promise a more than usually fine day. About eleven o'clock, however, it gradually became dark and lowering; the sky was covered as with a curtain; the temperature suddenly fell, and shortly after mid-day snow began to fall heavily, and continued almost without intermission until Tuesday morning. Monday was one of the stormiest days that has been experienced here for a long time. There was a strong wind, which rose at intervals almost to a hurricane, and caused a drift which literally darkened the air, and formed deep wreaths, which in some places make the roads almost impassable. The mail was three hours later than usual time. As the weather has now apparently cleared up and a hard frost set in, the snow is likely to continue for some time."

THE practice of exhibiting false lights again appears to have dropped up at Whitburn. In the statements of two ship captains are to be believed. In reference to the statement made by the captain and crew of the ship *Jenny*, of Whitburn, wrecked on Whitburn Steel, on Saturday, that they were misled by false lights, Mr. Jacob Johnson, master mariner, Woodbine-street, South Shields, has voluntarily made the following statement:—"On Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, he was in command of his vessel, the *Jenny*, bound to Shields, and when off Sunderland Point he distinctly saw two lights. One was a bright white light, and had the appearance of being astir, and which he at first took for Tynemouth light. The second was a green light, and appeared to be on the land. When he first saw the white light, in order to ascertain as to whether it was or was not Tynemouth light, he caused a cast of the lead to be taken, when he found by the depth that his vessel was too far towards the shore. He at once hauled his ship out, and so prevented any accident. Had he not, he says, taken the precaution of casting the lead, and been guided by the white light, he would assuredly have gone ashore at Whitburn Steel. Captain Johnson says the lights to which he refers have been seen by other persons in addition to himself, and had made this statement to caution any one on board vessels, who may see them, not to be misled by them, and so get their vessels on shore, but to make certain of their position. He strongly recommends a cast of the lead to be taken. By this means their exact position will at once be ascertained."

THE demonstration in memory of the Manchester Fenians took place in Dublin on Sunday. John Martin and Sullivan, of the *Nation*, were the chief mourners. Between thirty and forty thousand of the lower orders took part in the display. Green and crimson were worn by all, green being the predominant colour. Several green sashes, with harp and shamrock, were worn. Seven bands played along the route, the members of some of which had green military caps, like those found in the possession of Fenians. The processionists uncovered at the place of Emmett's execution in Thomas-street and at the Bank of Ireland. They also cheered loudly at the site of O'Connell's monument, and when passing Mountjoy Prison, on the route from Sackville-street to the cemetery, they sang "The Fenian Men," "O'Donnell Abo," and "Green Flag." Martin addressed the assemblage outside the churchyard. He said the men had been legally murdered, and that it was a political act to strike terror into the Irish malcontents, and though many present would not have resorted to the same measures for the redemption of their country as Allen and his associates, all should regard the demonstration as a protest against the English rulers who had so long robbed them. Ten soldiers of the 80th Regiment, in forage caps and great coats, walked in the procession. Twelve hundred women, girls, and many children took part in the display.—A similar demonstration took place in Limerick. Six or seven thousand were present. The people were addressed by a priest named Quaid, who sympathised with the executed Fenians, and advised the assemblage to go home. Two bands attended the funeral procession.

ON Thursday at the Warwick Assizes, two men named Allerton and Raston, *alias* Hunter, *alias* Winter, were charged with stealing bacon, and assaulting the police. The police had arrested the men for stealing the bacon from a public-house, when they offered a most desperate resistance. Raston dragged one officer with him into a canal, and while there hit him on the head with a life-preserver, and attempted to drown him. A second constable, however, jumped into the water, and persuaded the ruffian to submit by applying his staff to his head. They were both found guilty. Raston, who had been three times previously convicted, began a most extraordinary harangue. He said, "I did not use a life-preserver, and I knew I was innocent. I did retaliate with some effect, as he says. I was insensible; I was covered with blood. I could not stand it; no man could." He here entered into a long statement, showing considerable skill and the most intense excitement. He frequently exclaimed with great warmth that he was innocent of having stolen the bacon. He admitted that he had been guilty of the crimes for which he had before suffered, but he cried, "I was guilty, but I suffered my punishment as a man should; but during my incarceration I resolved to be good and honest, and to serve my God, and I have done so. But now how can a man live? I am ruined—ruined for ever!" His voice was raised to the highest pitch, and he at last began to pretend to be crying. He frequently interrupted the learned judge, and it was some time before sentence could be pronounced. He was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude—a doom which he received with the deliberate remark to his lordship, "You are a very nice old man, you are." Allerton was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment with hard labour.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE Swiss Federal assembly has elected Vice-President Dubois to be the President for 1868, and Councillor Wad to be Vice-President.

A SWISS journal states that a young woman named Anna Arnold, sister of an innkeeper at Willisau, Lucerne, had just carried off the first prize at a rifle-shooting competition in that town, having made a white with every shot.

A PARIS telegram informs us that the action brought against the *Courrier Francais* by the Prince de Metternich has resulted in the condemnation of M. Lepic to one month's imprisonment, and M. Vermoral to two months imprisonment and 1,000 francs with costs.

THE *Presse* of Vienna says:—"The statement that the Baroness Julia d'Ebergny, in custody on charge of poisoning the Countess Chorniski at Munich, has confessed the crime, is not yet confirmed. The mistake arose from an erroneous interpretation of the depositions made by the Baroness."

BY a telegram through the Atlantic cable we learn that the House of Representatives have rejected the resolution for impeaching President Johnson by 108 votes against 57. The House has passed a bill suspending Mr. McCulloch's authority to contract the currency.

A GENERAL meeting of the Electoral Union of the Party of Progress has been held at Berlin, at which resolutions were passed calling for a reform of the North German constitution, a reduction of the indirect taxes pressing on the poorer classes, the lessening of the period of military service, &c. Two thousand persons were present at the meeting.

THE *Giornale di Napoli* says that several shocks of earthquake have recently been felt at Resina. For some days the volcano has been vomiting torrents of lava, which no longer descend in a single stream towards Ottajano, but in several currents which cover the cone on the side of the bay. Two more considerable streams are threatening Torre del Greco and Resina. The earthquake has not done much damage at the latter place; the staircase of one house fell in, and the inhabitants had to escape by the windows of the upper stories.

TWO Austrian journals, the *Presse* and the *Tageblatt*, profess to know that the Conference will meet under any circumstances, whether the Powers represented be few or many. "It will, however, only constitute a species of free consultation." The Conference will meet at Paris, and the diplomats who will take part will be the present Ambassadors of the different States in Paris, who will receive plenipotentiary powers to represent their respective Governments at the Conference. The *Tageblatt* adds that, previous to the Conference assembling, the North German Confederation will have to be recognized by Austria, France, England, and Russia.

AN extract from a private letter, written on the 11th ult. by Paymaster Hallen, at Bombay, to his sister in Dublin, relative to Dr. Livingstone's fate, has been sent for publication to the *Irish Times*. The information it refers to was obtained from Captain Fane, of Her Majesty's ship *Lynx*. The letter says:—"You, I am sure, will be glad to hear that Dr. Livingstone is alive and well. One of our ships has arrived from Zanzibar, the captain of which is a friend of mine. He brought the news. The natives deserted Livingstone, but he survived. I wish I knew his daughter, that I could make the announcement to her."

ON the subject of the present feeling in Italy towards France, a Paris correspondent of the *Independance Belge* writes:—"Count de Sanguigno has expressed, in a report addressed to M. de Moustier, his assessment at the change of public feeling in Rome. Everyone has become a Garibidian, and the French are not more loved in Rome than in any other parts of Italy. The feeling against France has become so strong that at the Hotel Farnesio, in Turin, French dishes and French wines have been banned from the *tables d'hôte*. French fashions are abandoned, and, in fact, the contrary of what we do here is done in Italy. This is quite as to its material effect, but it is grave as a display of sentiment."

IT seems that the bill introduced by the Greek ministry into the Chambers to confirm the agreement for the settlement of the debt of 1824 and 1825 has not yet been made public. It is nevertheless stated that it has been prepared with the utmost regard to the wishes of the bondholders, as expressed at the public meeting on the 13th ult., and that the clauses relating to the special hypothecation of revenue have been most carefully framed, to avoid the possibility of any diversion. Despite the vigorous opposition of those members of the Greek Chamber who consider that the terms are much too high, the Ministry express themselves confident on being able to pass the bill so soon as the holidays consequent upon the arrival of the King and Queen, and the state of business before the Chambers will permit. The dues of Zante, as well as those of Syra and Calamata, will, it is asserted, be pledged as security for the payment of the dividend.

THE speeches of M. de Moustier and M. Rouher in the French Chamber on the Roman question have naturally aroused the susceptibilities of the Italian legislators, and accordingly, both in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the Prime Minister, General Menebrea, has been asked what attitude the Government intended to assume on the Roman question, at the same time being informed that Parliament was ready to support the Government in claiming Rome for Italy. General Menebrea, in a very prudent and conciliatory speech, explained to the Senate the policy of the Government, and agreed to the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously as the order of the day:—"The Senate, considering the declaration of the Ministry, and that the Government will manfully maintain the rights and the dignity of the nation, and hasten its legitimate completion, passes to the order of the day." In the Chamber of Deputies the members postponed their interpellations in order that the Government might obtain from their representative at Paris further explanations on the subject.

THE DELIVERY OF LETTERS.

THE Government having monopolised all profits arising from the carriage of letters, is bound to take every conceivable precaution to ensure their safe delivery. It professes, indeed, to do so. But whenever a letter miscarries, a circumstance of very frequent occurrence, it rarely happens that the missing packet is ever heard of again. Complaints, it must be admitted, are listened to with commendable patience and courtesy, but after a certain time a letter will be received reporting the unsuccessfulness of the "full inquiry" which has been made. At the same time the applicant is impressed with the "necessity of registering every letter containing property or other valuable enclosure; as by registration a letter is subject to a system of check which renders its failure highly improbable." That is to say, the Government undertakes to deliver a letter of a certain weight for one penny; but if it be desired that the letter should be delivered, a further payment of fourpence is required. In consideration of this additional sum, at the rate of 400 per cent, it is "highly probable" that such letter will reach its destination. Should it not do so, however, "full inquiry will be made," which, it is, "highly probable," will also prove unsuccess. The exaction of this registration fees simply an imposition. If it ensured the safe delivery of a valuable packet, or the recovery of the marketable value thereof, not a word could be said against it. But it ensures nothing more than ought to be ensured by the payment of one penny. There is no department of the administration more in need of a thorough reform than the Post-Office—and that is saying a good deal.

A CUMBERLAND PHOTOGRAPH.

In my younger days we had but one draper's shop in Keswick which the gentry and better sort of farmers would patronise; the rest were mere jerr shops, keeping calicoes with gingerbread, and not visited by the local aristocracy. But the shop was kept by an old lady—and she was a lady, though a draper—who well deserves a full-length photograph, if I can take it through the indistinct haze of time. But she belongs to a time quite long ago, and memories are not cut out of granite. She was an old maid—prim, precise, severe—the very soul of respectability, holding Church and State and a prudent demeanour in as much regard as she held levity and free-thinking in abhorrence. But prim and severe as she looked, I believe she was full of human kindness; and I know that she was full of probity and honour. There was something immensely imposing in her as she sat behind the counter in the rustling black silk gown, with a high white cap crowning her false front, or "top-knot," as it was called then, a white muslin kerchief across her bosom, and black silk mittens on her withered hands. She was not of the school that waits upon the public. Quite the contrary. She did the public a favour by serving it with Irish linens and Manchester long cloths; and did not fail to make her higher position felt when the little bell, hung upon the half shop door, tinkled its announcement of an incomer. It was more like a visitor going to pay his respects as an act of courtesy, or a suitor about to beg a favour, than a buyer with pretensions on the principle of supply and demand. And she was by no means of the new cheap school, nor did she understand anything about small profits and quick returns. She gave long credit, and her goods were of the best quality to be had in the market, and, as she used to say, cheaper in the long run than "nasty make-ups." No modern fashions for her; no flimsy mixtures of silk and wool, and cotton and shoddy, where the colours would run and the stuff cockle at the first shower of rain—the first "Keswick day!" No "devil's dust" should soil her counter. Whatever she had was the best of its kind, and an article warranted by "Miss Crosthwaite" was sure to be as genuine as herself. She sat behind her counter, in her black silk and snowy muslin, with all the stately dignity of a gentle-mannered duchess, as sure of her repute and deserving as the best born in the place; and she was asked to tea and shsken hands with by the older-fashioned gentry as cordially as if she had been a Derwentwater at the least. Once, when I was a wee bit lassie in a scarlet spencer and clumping clog, she took me into her back parlour and gave me some tea and cake. But my profound awe of the dear old lady, whose sharp face looked so prim and severe, and whose keen grey eyes seemed to see through everything from behind their silver spectacles, interfered wofully with my appetite, and took all the sweetnes out of the honey cake and the glory out of the tea.—*St. Pauls.*

THE COMING WINTER.

If any of our hunting friends are in low spirits about their prospects for the ensuing season, they should raise their drooping heads and give ear to the hopeful prognostics of folk-lore on the subject of early and severe frosts. In East Anglia they say:—

"If Martinmas ice will bear a duck,
The winter will be all mire and muck."

Now it is true that Martinmas has gone by nearly a fortnight before the ducks were first seen perambulating the surface of the Serpentine; but the proverb is supplemented by a cognate one from the midland counties to the effect that "if the ice will bear a goose before Christmas it will hardly bear a duck after it." While meteorology as a science is still in swaddling clothes we need not despise the sayings of country people concerning weather, founded as they are on long practical observation, and not invented to fit into a preconceived theory. General experience would lead us to make the same prophecy. Early winters have not generally proved long ones. The saying "a green yule makes a fat churchyard," we believe to be generally misunderstood to mean that a mild winter is an unhealthy one. It may be with more probability interpreted in the sense of the foregoing proverbs—namely, that an unusually open Christmas is the forerunner of a long and severe winter.

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to wet, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet, after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan.*—[ADVT.]



MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

THIS distinguished pianist, whose name is so well-known in the musical world, is the youngest daughter of Mr. T. Goddard, of Welbeck-street, and was born at St. Servan, near St. Malo, in Brittany, January, 1836. From her infancy she showed extraordinary taste for music, and was little more than four years of age when she first appeared in public at a concert given for a charitable purpose at St. Servan. After this her parents removed her to Paris, where she stayed, taking lessons, for several years. In 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Goddard returned to England with their daughter, who was placed under Mrs. Anderson, Her Majesty's pianist. At the age of eight years she was called on to play before the Queen and Royal Family at Buckingham Palace. The Queen was so gratified with her performance that it was decided to place the young pianist under Thalberg to finish her musical education. She made her debut at a matinee at her father's house in March, 1850, and the following March made her first public appearance at the National Concerts, with the utmost success. In 1854 she visited the principal Continental cities, giving concerts and gaining renown wherever she appeared. She returned to England in 1856, and since then she has constantly increased in popular favour. She married, in 1860, Mr. Davidson, a musical critic, but retains in public her maiden name.

THE Duke of Hamilton left town at the beginning of last week for Hamilton Palace, where his Grace has invited a large and distinguished party for shooting.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty our medical works, and by Dr. Ferreira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

OUR PRESTIGE IN THE EAST.

THERE seems to be some confusion of ideas between the prestige of India and the prestige of the British in India. Sir Stafford Northcote, after referring to the numerous ambassadors, envoys, and political agents who represent the Indian Government at Native Courts, remarked, with much simplicity, "that the mere mention of a list of these places would be sufficient to show that India has a very keen interest in the protection of those who are sent to speak in her name." As a matter of fact, however, these ambassadors, envoys, and political agents are not sent by India, nor do they speak in her name. They are nothing more nor less than British officers serving under the British Government, who are sent to this prince or that, to express the will and pleasure of that Government, without the slightest reference to the views, opinions, or wishes of the people of India. Beyond all doubt it is absolutely necessary to protect those representatives of the British Government at any cost, but it is so in the interest of British, not of Indian prestige. A good deal of nonsense, too, is talked about the moral influence upon which our Indian Empire is based and upheld. There was a time, perhaps, when such was the case, but certainly antecedent to the Sepoy war. Since that untoward event our Indian Empire stands upon our actual power alone, and depends entirely upon the force of British guns, rifles, and sabres that can be brought to operate at the shortest notice upon a given point. We hold India by a military occupation, as France holds Algeria.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

SMITHFIELD Club Cattle Show was opened on Tuesday to the general public. On Monday the prizes were awarded, and a considerable number of the *tithe* of the agricultural world paid the extra admission fee to be present. Amongst the visitors were Prince Leopold and Prince Christian, who were conducted over the show by Mr. Claydon, chairman of the Agricultural Hall Company, and Mr. Brandreth Gibbs, secretary of the Smithfield Club. The exhibition was an excellent one. If the collection of live stock brought together at the Agricultural Hall this year did not range above an average, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that the average was a very fair one, and such as to reflect the highest credit upon the breeders and feeders of cattle. During the last three years that valuable class of the community whose business it is to supply the people with animal

food have experienced difficulties a' most unexampled, and enough to have quenched every spark of rivalry and obliterated all spirit of competition in their breasts. They have seen their herds in some districts decimated, and in others nearly swept away by a relentless disease, that could only be subdued by having recourse to slaughter and the stamping out process. As a necessary measure of safety, too, the markets were closed against their healthy stock, and their farms and pasture lands subjected to a rigorous quarantine, whilst the compensation they received was confessedly inadequate to their losses. Yet throughout the trying ordeal their courage and energy never once deserted them. Patiently and hopefully, if not cheerfully, they submitted to the inevitable, and gallantly came up, in slightly diminished strength, to bear their part in the annual struggle which yearly takes place under the auspices of the Smithfield Club. How they have braced themselves to the conflict a few brief statistics will show. In 1864 the club having received a fresh impetus from the recent opening of the Agricultural Hall and the improved accommodation thereto provided, the entries that year reached 532 of all classes, being the highest point they have ever attained. Then came the murrain, when the question was whether the show ought to be held or not, and if held, whether it was likely to be justified by the result. Permission was accorded by the Privy Council, and to the astonishment of most people there were 453 entries, and on the whole a good show. Next year there was a further falling off. Still the entries stood at 418, and the quality of the animals exhibited well sustained the character of the club. That year appears to have been the turning point; for in the present instance the entries have gone up to 426; and whereas in the two previous years the diminution was in the cattle department, which numbered 274 in 1864, 223 in 1865, and 207 in 1866, on this occasion the increase is in those same classes, which now number 213. The show of sheep was a very large one, but the pens for pigs were not as crowded as usual. On the whole, taking all circumstances into consideration, the show was fine practical test and illustration of the indomitable perseverance, enterprise, and skill of the English breeder. Our artist has selected some of the finest beasts in the show for illustration.

THE Italian Government, the Florence journals state, has contracted for the supply of 300,000 Chassepot muskets, to be delivered at the rate of 50,000 a year.

At a sitting of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies the President read a communication from the Ministry announcing that Count Lippe, the Minister of Justice, had quitted the Cabinet, and that Herr Leonard had been appointed his successor.

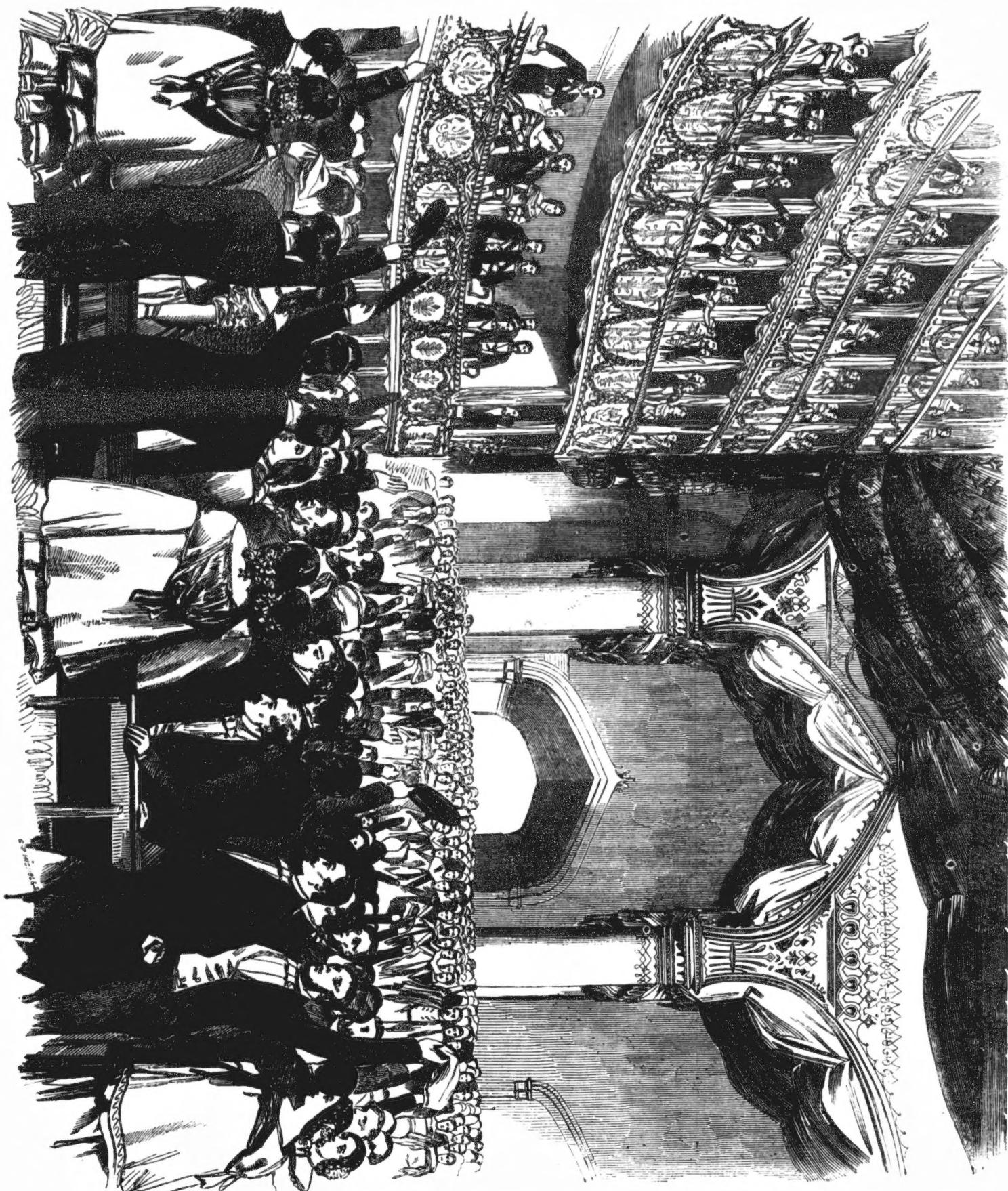
THE DESTRUCTION OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Her Majesty's Theatre was burnt down on Friday night, and many of the houses near it were much injured. The fire broke out, or at least was first observed, about a quarter to eleven, and the flames were soon visible all over London. Large draughts of metropolitan police from Scotland-yard were instantly detached, under the command of Mr. Superintendent Walker and Mr. Kestle, but they could do little more than keep the enormous crowds that at once collected out of danger. Detachments of the Foot Guards, both from the Wellington Barracks, and the barracks at the back of the National Gallery, came up almost simultaneously with the police. The streets leading to the theatre were kept clear, and the firemen all round Regent-street, Haymarket, and Pall-Mall were turned fully on. The supply of water seemed ample, and fire-engines after fire-engines as they came rapidly up were, under the directions of Captain Shaw, at once got into the best positions for checking the spread of the flames, for all hope of extinguishing them at their source was hopeless. In a short time the steam fire-engines were in full work, and as fast as the hand engines arrived they, too, were set to work. The steam engines threw volumes of water with tremendous force, and where their jets fell they seemed to explode in clouds of steam. The firemen climbed along ladders and coping at heights which made one cold to look at them, dragging with them great lengths of leather hose with which to play upon the flames at any point that seemed of consequence, no matter what the risk to the men themselves. In spite of flame and smoke and a terrific storm of burning fragments, they kept their places on the roof, their comrades below turning now and then jets of water upon and around the men to keep the spots cool on which they stood.

About twelve o'clock the roof of the theatre fell amidst a shower of sparks and burning fragments, leaving a gigantic mass of white flame in the centre, the very heat of which alone was charring up and burning building after building jeopardizing the existence of every building near the place. Over the front of the clubs in Pall-mall the burning fragments fell thick as hail; indeed, it was impossible at times to pass along this thoroughfare without danger of being burnt.

The theatre burnt like a tar-barrel, but left a mass of flame and heat which worked quickly and surely through into the surrounding buildings. House after house around it was gutted, in spite of all the efforts of the firemen. The flames, however, then were well within control, and the engines were principally used to keep the walls of the main building cool. Still from this work they had every now and then to be diverted as fresh flames appeared in the houses around. Mr. Mapleton was upon the scene of the disaster before twelve o'clock, but, as a matter of course, he could merely look on with other spectators at the total destruction that was overwhleming his property.

THE assertion made by a Paris journal that Garibaldi had left Capers in consequence of the amnesty to him and to his followers is flatly contradicted at Florence.



THE PROFITS OF THE EXPOSITION.

The Figaro states that the net profits of the Paris Universal Exhibition will amount to above 3,600,000 francs, which according to arrangement, should be divided in equal portions between the Government, the city of Paris, and the Society of Contractors. The latter made themselves liable for the sum of 12,000,000 francs, consequently they would be entitled to receive nearly 8*l* per cent upon the amount of their risk. It is believed, however, that they will decline to receive any gratuity, and in this case it is anticipated that the State and the city of Paris will follow their example, in which case the entire three millions will be devoted to some public purpose.

Mr. Scott Stoveshaw is about to give up his racing and hunting establishments in consequence of ill health.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE;

GENTLEMEN, as every body *savoir*, got married for all sorts of reasons; but there is surely something quite original in the notion of a housemaid *officiating* a stry bachelor in order to marry him and had for her fellow servants Mary Pearce and Elizabeth Pells. Now Pearce was a woman possessing furniture and £200 in money, and from a mysterious desire to promote matrimony among her friends, she executed a will leaving the furniture and £200 to the first of the two who should enter the marriage state, after which she shortly died. Upon this Elizabeth Pells at once took action to secure the legacy, and arranged to marry her "young man" on a certain day, at a certain hour, and in a certain church; but, unfortunately, she forgot to keep her secret. Whereupon the soul of Catherine was stirred, and having no "young man" of her own all ready for matrimony, without more ado she brought herself that one Mr. Thomas, whom she had seen once or twice, was a bachelor, and would at any rate do for a husband so far as the furniture and the £200 were concerned.

"Barkis was willing", to oblige the happy Elizabeth, went into the vestry of Christ Church, Blackfriars, to sign the register of her marriage, just completed, her eyes beheld the signature of the false Catherine attesting her own marriage with Thomas, and she saw in a moment that she had been "done". The termination of the affair is as prosaic as the commencement was farcical. Catherine never saw her Thomas but once afterwards, when she met him by chance in the street; and now she is dead, having made no will of her own, and her cousin claims to administer to her property as heir-at-law, the only question as to the decision of the Court of Probate arising from the difficulty of proving her husband's death. Such is the way in which the "marriages de convenience", of the drawing-room are imitated by expectant legatees in the kitchen.

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Eight.
DRURY LANE.—The Doge of Venice—The Ladies' Club. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—Our American Cousins—To Paris and Back for £5—The Spectre Bridgeman. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Man is not Perfect, nor Woman Either—Maud's Pet—Up for the Cattle Show. Seven.
LYCEUM.—Perfection—(18 Eight). Romeo and Juliet. Seven.
PRINCES'S.—A Little Pleasure—(At a Quarter to Eight). The Colleen Bawn—Number One Round the Corner. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—From Grave to Gay—If I had a Thousand a Year—My Wife Bonnet. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Fifteen Years of Labour Lost—Only a Clod—A Widow Hunt. Seven.
STRAND.—Nothing to Nurse—Kind to a Fault—William Tell with a Vengeance. Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Still Waters Run Deep—The First Night. Seven.
HOLBORN.—For Love—(At Nine). Mary Turner. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Caste—My Colonel's Legacy. Half-past Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Milky White—(At Half-past Nine). The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Highly Improbable. Half-past Seven.
NEW EAST LONDON.—The Gambler—Rebecca.
BRITANNIA.—The Lady of Lyons—Concert—Captain Gerald—Quarter to Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—The American Circus every Evening—Grand Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British Institution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Societies; Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tussaud's Waxwork, Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

JANE ORTON.—Why do you want to know the name of the proprietor of *The Illustrated Weekly News*? We shall not gratify your curiosity unless you give us a good and sufficient reason. Dr. Bachofner was the late proprietor of the Colosseum, Regent's-park. You may find his address in the London Directory.

EMILY.—Consult an encyclopaedia.

R. S. M.—Between blotting-paper.

JOSEPHINE.—Try galvanism. Mr. Halse, Addison-road, Kensington.

M. A. (Richmond).—We shall publish a Grand Christmas Supplement next week.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

FEEDING THE FLAMES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE is added to the long list of operatic and theatrical houses which have been destroyed by fire. Anything grander than the scene which was witnessed on Friday night cannot be imagined. A bystander remarked that the house burnt like a barrel, and this simple remark is more impressive than volumes of high flown writing. At half-past ten the building rested noiseless and dark in the dubious atmosphere of our December nights. At eleven it was an *Inferno* irradiating the whole quarter, as though the sun had gone down in blood upon it, and gleaming with such fantastic combinations of colour and bursting into such extraordinary variations of sound that it needed no strong working of the imagination to suppose it a conflagration fed by magicians. But what might have been the horror of that scene, had the whole gorgeous interior, resplendent with young life and grace, piled from floor to roof, tier after tier, in crowded and glittering circles, with perhaps a bevy of bright young dancers on the stage, been changed, within a compass of time which is described as incredibly short, into a blazing and roaring furnace—a storm of flames bursting through the building in less than ten minutes, and destroying all—human or not—that happened to be there? Mercifully, this catastrophe was averted, and the huge edifice was empty and silent when the devastating spark was kindled. This metropolis appears singularly unhappy in the fate of its lyric and dramatic temples. Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Lyceum, the Olympic, the Surrey, Astley's, the Standard, the Pantheon, the Pavilion, and other structures designed for beauty and pleasure, have in turn succumbed to this desolating power, and the Opera House which sank into a mass of blazing ruin the other midnight, had already once before spread its ashes over the favourite neighbourhood of drama and song. Few will have forgotten how similar catastrophes have involved the most awful tragedies, such as that which entombed thousands in the Cathedral of Santiago; the burning of the Amsterdam Opera House in the height of an evening's display; the terrible alarm in the Imperial Theatre at Vienna when a flash of lightning passing through, smote many persons dead, and startled the assembled thousands into fatal confusion; the falling in of the roof of the Opera House at

Rome nearly a hundred years ago; the sad disasters in the great Philadelphia Theatre of Smyrna; the narrow escape, once, of several thousands from San Carlo, at Naples; the burnings, accompanied by fearful sacrifice of life, at Nantz, and Metz, and elsewhere. But, upon the whole, these structures, though often annihilated by fire, have been comparatively fortunate in not adding to the disaster any equivalent destruction of humanity. They have generally, indeed, occurred in the dead season, or in the deserted hours of the morning. Yet in this instance there was a chance so happy that we may reverently deem it providential. On the night before, that vast palace of art was gaily thronged; on the night after it would have been thronged again as gaily; and who can paint the agony of the picture had those blazing walls enclosed a living, joyous, thoughtless multitude; when the whole mighty quadrangle, as it fired at different points, burst into one sudden, lurid, overwhelming volume, kindling a light that was beheld with amazement and wonder miles and miles away, wherever a hill-top is, from the utmost suburbs of the metropolis? Already it was a fierce, menacing, dismaying sight, of danger and ruin, of alarm and horror, to witness; the tremendous upshoot of the blaze; the furious eddies of light made crimson by the strange stores of combustion hidden beneath those boards—so mysterious to the common idea; the brilliant flames cleaving through the roof, and the volcano of heat and glow, and, as it were, the savage destruction, which became visible in the great abyss of the amphitheatre, whenever a new rent in the architecture disclosed the ravage going on within. As it is, the calamity is no inconsiderable one; we have to deplore the annihilation of a structure which was in one sense the centre of the highest English society, which possessed no mean architectural splendour, at least as regarded from within, which was haunted by many a tradition dear to those who love the almost sacred art of music and who honour the equally musical drama. We must regret the disappearance of a place so familiar to us all; so ever dazzling, cheerful, and exhilarating; where the noblest compositions of the highest artists have been brought among the classics of our adoption; where the sweetest singers of the earth have sung, and where many a fame has been built up which the world would not willingly let die. It was there that Catalani wrought her delicate and spiritual enchantments—that Pasta, as the slang of the profession goes, took the town by storm—that Lablache made his portly presence and exuberant voice a popular delight; and above all, that Jenny Lind, commonly called "the Swedish Nightingale," brought her brilliant freshness, her golden cadences, and exquisite expression of all pure passions, to at once astonish and charm the genuine lovers of melody. The scenes of the triumph has vanished. It is to be feared that, at the same time, the most important musical library has perished, with priceless manuscript scores by composers of the loftiest muse, not to speak of all that rich luxury, those various elaborations of harmonious instruments, of delicate and dainty decoration, and sumptuous treasures of ingenuity and colour, constituting machinery and scenery, which are the glories of an Opera House. Never was regret for a public less more loud and universal. The feeling created ten years ago by the burning down of the Royal Italian Opera—deep and general as that was—was nothing compared to the deplorable annihilation of the old Opera House, and this is easily accounted for without instituting any comparison between the two theatres. The Covent Garden Opera was, as may be said, but newly established. It borrowed no glory from the past; no memories of bygone pleasures lingered round it; no voices from the dead appealed in its behalf; it had scarcely addressed itself to half a generation. What a capricious train has past across that stage now crumbled to ashes! Caffarelli, who could sing well at sixty-five, who amassed in London enough money to buy him a dukedom at home, and who told a prince of his day that he had in him the voice of any two of the then living artists; Gabrielli, who would not sing to the Empress of Russia, after her London triumphs, for less than 5,000 ducats, who was told by the Czarina that not one of her generals received so much, who replied, "You had better ask your generals to sing for you," and who thus, by being indomitably impudent, obtained the sum she had asked; Mara, who came here with a reputation gained by her having refused to sing for Frederick the Great, and who, after the burning down of the King's Theatre, was "prime donna" at the Pantheon; Banti, who bequeathed her larynx to the municipality of Bologna, in which city it is devoutly cherished in a glass case; Billington, "the Wonder"; Braham, who came in with the century and surprised a generation unaccustomed to English voices; and then Catalani, who, for a while, suppressed all rivalry, queen'd it the domain of song-stresses, delighted all hearers, insisted upon half the gross receipts of the Opera House, and netted £20,000 in six months.

The damage done by the fire is now precisely known, but it is difficult to estimate it in figures—some statements going as high as £250,000. From the present let us turn to the future, and, through the medium of fond anticipation, behold, rising above the *debris* of the old home of the Muses, another temple of equal magnificence, and, if possible, of more splendid proportions. An opportunity is now offered of erecting the grandest theatre in Europe, on the best site that could possibly be chosen. Let us hope that purposes of utility and a meagre spirit of commerce may not interfere with the exalted notions of art. Not to replace Her Majesty's Theatre on its old situation would be a disgrace to the country which professes so profound a veneration for established institutions.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

Every phase of the debate on the Abyssinian expedition only serves to bring out its humiliating and painful character. In the Eastern story a man saddles himself with tremendous responsibilities by throwing his date-stones one way instead of another, whereby he hits the head of the son of a dignified geni passing on the other side of a wall, and incurred the father's deadly enmity. Somebody or other has thrown date-stones at the head of a successful adventurer in the interior of Africa, and we find ourselves, in obedience to irresistible laws of national life, marching, it is now admitted, 55,000 strong against him. The theory of the universe standing on an elephant, itself poised on a tortoise, is not a greater inversion of the right order of sequences than this enormous armament, for which, after all, the most probable account that can be given is a casual misunderstanding, if not a bit of carelessness, between two offices a quarter of a mile from one another in Westminster. We are now in the hands of the military, and it is a comfort to think that, even if we have not the slightest control over the course of the campaign, we shall know all about it. It is like the difference felt by the person most concerned between the trial and the execution. Should we attain the splendid success of commanding Theodore's throne and position in Abyssinia, hitherto the prize of factious enterprise, we shall inherit the difficulties and perplexities of his position as well as its advantages, whatever they may be. Should we ever succeed in getting out of the conflict, our national honour duly repaired, our flag saluted, and the prisoners brought out safe, we shall only leave things as they are, as they always have been, and, as by the laws of probability, they always will be. This it is to be a very great Empire, with immense interest at stake, and innumerable agencies at work to protect them and the national honour. Had to think of; but we, the humble members of this great Empire, must do as we are bid, and bear what cannot be helped. This is the lesson we all must learn. —Times.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

M. Rouher, Minister of State and rhetorician-in-chief of the Second Empire, has won another of those facile victories which are more difficult to repair than many disasters. He has in a single sentence destroyed the Italian alliance, and extinguished the last flickering hope of a Conference. When he mounted the tribune in the Corps Législatif a second time to declare, in so many words, that "Italy shall not seize upon Rome," it is clear that he must have been instructed to sink the Conference. There is more than enough in this speech, taken in connection with that of the present Conservative Prime Minister of Italy, to make it impossible for Italy to consent to a Conference on such terms, and impossible for any other Power to accept an invitation to discuss a question already prejudged by the Government of France. Nor is this M. Rouher's only triumph. He has torn up and scattered to the winds the last shreds of the alliance between France and Italy. His admirable eloquence will be cordially appreciated at Berlin. On the other hand, the Emperor Napoleon, comparing the eloquence of M. Rouher with the more modest and hesitating utterances of M. de Moustier, may, perhaps, doubt whether the department of Foreign Affairs, involving so many delicate considerations and susceptibilities, is most fitly represented in the tribune by a rhetorician or by a responsible Minister, though the rhetorician is vociferously acclaimed and the Minister is listened to in silence.—Daily News.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

The latent antagonism between the Executive and the Legislature in the United States has occasioned great mischief. Even open war is almost better, in that it promises a more speedy and efficient remedy. To us the great lesson of the constitutional difficulties in America is the mischief of attempting to get an Executive which is not really and openly dependent on the Legislature. Here, in the great crisis of a nation's life, when almost anything was less fatal than weakness—when even the least wise of all reconstructive policies, if insisted on strongly, and carried out with a decision of purpose commensurate with that shown in the war, would have been infinitely better than the wisest of all re-constructive policies half pursued and half resisted by the executive power, we have had a Legislature compelled to entrust the execution of its measures to an officer whom it always distrusted, and has now learnt to regard as an open enemy, may, who will not even be bound by the letter of the Constitution. Who can wonder that calm is not only not restored, but even in a way to be restored? If the Emperor Napoleon had been compelled to delegate the command of the Roman expedition to M. Jules Favre, the situation would not have been near so ludicrous as that of the Legislature at Washington compelled to entrust the execution of their laws to a man who tells them frankly they have destroyed the Union so far as was in their power already, and that he will destroy them sooner than let them complete their work. This kind of thing cannot last with a people as shrewd as the Yankees. It will be a hard struggle, no doubt, to revise that sacred document which they have learned to revere, with an accumulating power of reverence, for eighty years. But any Government, they must see, is better than none. And co-ordinate departments of the Government nullifying each other at the most critical moment are not a spectacle which a sensible and long-headed people will endure long.—Economist.

THE DRY-ROT OF ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

On every subject on which an early and emphatic expression of the nation's wish might have been expected to influence the coming Session, and the ripening of national thought, the autumn sitting of Parliament has been a complete failure. It has been indifferent, listless, apathetic, in a word, *pacourante*. No more pallid, faded ghost of what a Parliament should be ever met at a crisis thick with the most weighty living interests, than the one which has just adjourned. It is the only prognostic we have seen at all confirming of Mr. Carlyle's dismal forebodings of a period when vivid political life shall cease, and "gibbering phantoms" shall idly chatter where statesmen once held the reins. It may be, we trust it is, a false prognostic. But no one can say that the autumn Session has not been a miserable display of languor and apathy, where we expected energy and life.—Spectator.

LORD RUSSELL'S RESOLUTIONS.

The progress of political science has long outgrown such imperfect forms of Liberalism as would either impose equally on all schools an undiscerned religion or would take all religion away from education. It has come to acknowledge that the conscience has its rights, to which the State, while providing a common education, must offer neither a negative nor a positive violence. Lord Russell's ideas could not be carried out without offering a positive violence to the consciences of all who professed a dogmatic religion; and his speech, if it serves no other purpose, will at least give occasion for thankfulness that the leadership of the Liberal party, and with it the future of the education question, belongs to a statesman of more advanced and tolerant principles, and of deeper and broader mind.—Chronicle.

THE LIBERALS AND THEIR LEADERS.

While the disorganized condition of the Liberal party is due in no small measure to the effects of the spirit of aristocratic exclusiveness displayed by its older members, it is also attributable to internal changes, which, because made in silence, have attracted little notice. These consist in the gradual increase, both in numbers and ability, of the Radical section. It is the section of the party noted for holding what are styled advanced opinions that now attracts the recruits who desire to serve under the banner of Liberalism. There it is that we must look for popular favourites, an

there we ought to look for popular Ministers. From the ranks of that section the next Liberal Premier must choose his colleagues, in order that he may obtain the country's confidence. Fortunately for the destinies of the party, Mr. Gladstone, its recognized leader, is thoroughly trusted by the more liberal among its members. He may not coincide with them in all things. On those vexed points which have their origin in theological traditions, he is at variance with many who do not hesitate to follow his lead in general because of the reliance they place in his uprightness, and the esteem they have for him as a man. What they have both equally at heart is the desire to lessen, by a wise and feasible system of retrenchment, the burden of taxation which weighs so heavily on the nation's energies, and renders the lives of the poorer classes so fraught with suffering. Even were Mr. Gladstone less acceptable than he is, there would be great difficulty in finding another member of the party who could venture to dispute his title to its leadership.—*London Review.*

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON—EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

To all who take an interest in promoting the cause of the higher education of women, there is constantly presented a great difficulty in the absence of any recognized standard by which female attainments can be judged. Definite examinations furnish in the education of men a point at which to aim; and in their lists of results, and the degrees and honours to be gained by passing them, afford a certainty that this point has been attained with more or less success. But for women there is nothing equivalent. They have no standard by which they can judge themselves, no impartial examination which can afford a test for their working. Teachers of girls invariably find this difficulty. "Why should we work hard?" say the girls; "there is nothing to gain by it." It is all very well to put before them the motives of doing their duty, pleasing their parents, and so forth; but such stimulants to mental exertion are spasmodic in action, and frequently ineffectual in result. An examination to be passed, a definite place to be attained—these are things to be understood and worked for, and there is no valid reason with which we are acquainted for denying such an object of ambition to girls any more than to boys.

A step in this direction, which we have no hesitation in calling the right one, was made when girls were admitted to the examinations, which the Cambridge authorities had originated and conducted for boys. Many objections were made to the movement, but all have been met; and it has been shown by experience that girls, when properly prepared, are as capable of standing the test of regular examination as boys. The fact is, that it is ridiculous to say that girls cannot do this or that in the way of examination, or of intellectual attainment, without having afforded them any opportunity of testing their powers. When they have had a fair trial, and have failed, it will be time to say that they are not fit to accomplish certain things; but until then people ought not to be quite so ready, as they generally show themselves, to dogmatise on the matter.

The Cambridge examinations, good as they are as far as they go, have, however, the drawback that they are intended only for young persons not above eighteen, and that attainments made by women after that age are still without definite standard.

To meet this acknowledged deficiency, the University of London has, however, made what it doubtless considered a very great concession. Her Gracious Majesty granted, in the autumn of this year, to the University of London, a supplemental charter, which confers upon its officers the power of admitting women to certain examinations, and of conferring upon them certificates of proficiency in certain specified subjects.

The examinations which are to take place in virtue of this charter are for women only. A special provision is that "no male person shall be admitted a candidate to any such examination." The subjects on which the examinations are to be held are to be those of "Literature, Science, and Art." To successful candidates certificates of proficiency will be granted under the seal of the University of London. After the examination the names of the successful candidates are to be declared, together with particulars of the qualifications which they have displayed for enabling them to receive these certificates. The charter provides for the payment of reasonable fees by the candidates in respect of the examination; and it orders that no examiner shall be eligible for re-election more than four years successively; and also makes a curious and somewhat unintelligible provision, "that no Fellow (of the University of London) shall be eligible as an examiner."

This charter is worth some consideration. To many it will doubtless appear that the admission of women to any sort of authorised examination, and the permission accorded of taking some recognized standing in right of having passed such an examination, is a very great point gained. The fact that there is no restriction as to age is an extremely important one, and at once indicates that the proposed examinations in connection with the University of London are intended to take a higher place than the local examinations under the auspices of the Cambridge authorities. It is said also that in the subjects which are chosen, the examination will equal in difficulty that passed by students at the University of London at their matriculation.

While we acknowledge that it is well to have an authoritative standard which may be held up as desirable of attainment, it is also to be remembered that there are certain statements to be made which may show that the advantages offered are not, after all, so great as they appear at first sight to be.

No one knows as yet what the standard proposed will be. The questions set will, doubtless, have reference more to what the examiners imagine women will be able to answer than what is considered a reasonable standard of attainment for any educated person. Again, certain subjects only are to be opened to women. These are literature, science, and art. Medicine (which is distinguished from science in the wording of the charter) is not one of the subjects opened to women, though it is that with regard to which women have been making the greatest efforts to open a course for themselves. In fact, this new proposal, well-intentioned as it is, may yet be looked upon with some suspicion. It is as if the new certificates were offered to women as a boundary beyond which they must not desire to pass.

Perhaps it may be considered that too much is asked when it is proposed that, if the examinations are opened at all they should be opened on equal terms to women and men. No doubt the University authorities regard themselves as having done a very advanced and liberal action in allowing examinations to women at all. But it is felt by many who have interested themselves as to women's education, that such a half measure as this is almost worse than no movement at all.

It still remains to be seen whether these examinations will be productive of the good which is hoped. We have to learn what kind of questions are to be put, what standard the candidates will be expected to have attained, and whether such a position as is offered by the possession of the certificate of competency promised, will be considered sufficient stimulus to induce many to come forward as candidates.—*Queen.*

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure, the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

LAMPS OR NO LAMPS?—A great question for the Cab-in-it. GRATITUDE'S ODE.—Song for the Voting Person.—"The Maid of the Mill."

WAITING FOR A DECISION.—The Cabman's Strike.—Pendente Lita.

OVER THE SEA.—Our good friends, the French, have so much increased their army, and are supplying it so rapidly with weapons of precision, that, instead of being called, as heretofore, "our lively neighbours," a fitting name for them in future would be "our deadly neighbours."

A DEGENERATE SON.—The Governor (indignantly): "George, I'm surprised at you! I should have thought you knew better. It's disgraceful! Is it for this I've paid hundreds of pounds to give you an University education, that you should—" Son and heir (with cigar): "Why—what have I done, Governor?"—The Governor: "Done? Dared to smoke, sir, while you are drinking my '34 port!"

AN EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

To hang is human; to reprieve divine,
But what absurdity could be absurdier,
To hang for any crime whilst you design,

Than that High Treason should extenuate Murder?"

OPERATIC QUOTATION (from "Masaniello.")—On a gay widow giving up her weeds for colours.—"Behold, behold, how brightly, brightly breaks the mourning."

NEW ROYALTY.—"Black-Eyed Susan" must be a very fast young lady, as she goes on running after three hundred and sixty (K) nights.

LILY MAXWELL.—Jacob Bright's votress and John Mill's votress.

REVIVAL of a Saxon Title for the Home Secretary (suggested by Max Muller, with a cold in his head.)—Hardy-can't-ot.

THE COSTERMONGER'S FLOWER (to be cultivated).—A Hardy Plant.

CUTTING!—Host: "What bin did you put that Marsala in, Muggles?"—New butler: "In the ah—dust-bin, sir!"

FUN.

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.—A most astounding feat which took place at the late complimentary gift given by Mr. Strange, is thus briefly chronicled by the *Morning Advertiser*:—"It may not be out of place to mention here that Mr. —— of 13, —— Street distributed one thousand scented artificial bouquets to each lady present." The astonishing fact is announced as calmly as if "each lady" must have been more than a she-Briareus to carry her thousand bouquets.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET.—FIGS!—How easy it is to amuse a child—only place a box of figs before a bevy of children and see how quickly they will be in their Element.

A PLACE TO AVOID.—"The place to spend a happy day." Treasure your happy days, guard them as jealously as you would your last shilling—never spend them—you will find they are "few and far between."

SHORT AND SWEET.—Says the old saw "Every bullet finds its billet." Cupid caps this—His arrows fin many billets-doux.

A SENSIBLE ADVERTISEMENT.—A Scotch brewer advertises his "Celebrated Leith Ales." If ever an advertisement needed publicity it is this, as in the ordinary course of things, the products of the Leith-y waters must be buried in oblivion.

A WORD IN DUE SEASON.—Football players cannot be too careful in guarding against catching cold after the violent exercise of the game, or they will probably be troubled with a "hacking" cough.

QUARTER-MASTERS.—Landlords.

AT THE FESTIVE SEASON.—Friend in the crowd (to party just sentenced): "Wot 'a' yer got, Bill." Bill: "Seven days!" Friend: "That all!" Bill: Seven Christmas days, mind!"

FIDDLE-DE-DEE!—The renowned Paganini created no little excitement by his feat of fiddling with one string. This is nothing to the performance of one of our crack jockeys, who won a fine race at a late meeting, after "fiddling" with his horse.

SCIENTIFIC.—The *Mining Journal* announces a new invention for puddling by steam power. A good many railway companies could prove that muddling by steam power is by no means a recent discovery.

BY OUR NINCOMPOOP.—Why is a modern Reformer like a flea? (with our apologies to Mr. Disraeli.)—Because he is given to "leap in the dark."

JUDY.

A MORTAL COIL.—The Hangman's noose.

"AN EAGER" HEIR.—One waiting for his father's death.

The progenitors of Barclay and Perkins' draymen.—The first Carmen of Horace.

WE THINK SO.—Might not Dickens's "Mrs. Harris" be also appropriately designated Mrs. Myth?

TERRE(IE)BLE.—A young lady who is enthusiastic on the subject of dogs, lately asked a friend going south if he could kindly bring her home an Italian Skye!

A, B, C-LY JOKE.—There is a talk of constructing a railway through part of King Theodore's dominions, for the use of our invading army. If a railway guide be issued, it will, of course, be an A, B, C-nian one.

PLEASANT FOR MRS. BROWN.—Mrs. B.: "What are you looking for, my dear?"—Child: "Well, I heard mamma tell papa you had two faces, and I was looking for the other one."

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.—The committee for the investigation of the designs of the New Law Courts having laid their heads together, are satisfied that the block system will not answer.

A DRY REJOINDER.—Old Speaker: "Ye know, I believe in the power of a fruity port."—Limb of the Law: "Do ye now? Well, I believe in the power of a tawny."—[But whether he was really sunk so low as to mean "power of attorney," *Judy* doesn't care to inquire.]

THE CAB QUESTION.

The cabmen have made up their minds
Sir Richard Mayne to fight;
They'll "strike"; but, as they scorn the "lamp,"
They will not "strike a light!"

TOMAHAWK.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—We regret to notice amongst the Christmas announcements of a literary character a certain tale for the young, entitled "The White Rock Cove." There is an offensive vulgarity about this—but what can authors do, but pander to the slang of the day?

MOTTO FOR THE POOR-LAW BOARD.—Leave ill alone.

SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

Says Layard, would that I could speak

All that I think of Doctor Béke.

Says Béke, the motto of Great Bayard

Is just what isn't J. A. Layard.

Says Tomahawk, no longer bore us,

You may both go to—Theodora.

THE COLDEST RECEPTION.—Meeting a chilled shot.

CRITICISM, BY AN OUTSIDER.—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—of some one else.

THE LAST LITERARY EFFORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF POLICE.—A Lampoon.

A JOKE FOR THE RECENTLY INSOLVENT RITUALISTS.—What does the High Church party want to keep it going?—Manning.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE fashion of "Musical Festivals," which has of late been spreading with extraordinary rapidity, has, it appears, at length reached Brighton, a watering-place, which, for its size and fashionable pretensions, has hitherto been somewhat behind hand in catering for the amusement of its visitors. Visitors to Brighton—and especially such as are in the habit of frequenting the services at St. Paul's, West-street, will have long since noticed a gap in the opposite houses extending into Middle-street. This gap it was at one time proposed to convert into an arcade on the model of the Burlington and Louvre arcades in London, and a "limited liability" company was formed with that object. Arcades, however, are not much in favour with the powers that be, a fact sufficiently testified by the vehement and successful opposition to the Regent-street Arcade scheme some few years since. Various difficulties arose by which the commencement of the scheme was postponed from time to time, and at last, just as everything appeared to be arranged, came the panic of last year, and the collapse of "limited" companies in general, and among them that of the Arcade Company at Brighton. At this juncture the idea occurred to a Mr. Childs, one of the most successful followers of that eminently characteristic Brighton vocation, the toy trade, that here was an opportunity for providing what Brighton had hitherto been deficient in—a large and effective concert-hall. He accordingly at once set to work purchased the site, obtained the necessary licence, and proceeded to build the hall.

The building, which has been erected at cost, as we understand, of very little short of £30,000, consists of three distinct parts. The ground on which it stands is a long and rather narrow strip of about 300 feet in length by something less than 60 in breadth, and extending from Middle-street on the east to West-street on the west. On each of these two frontages has been erected a tall and handsome building containing various rooms, offices, &c. In that facing West-street are two entrances—one for the area, the other for the gallery and the lower-priced seats in the body of the hall. In the Middle-street block are also two entrances—one for the stalls and higher-priced seats, the other reserved for the artists, band, chorus, &c. A smaller gallery will also run along either side of the hall, but this it was not proposed to commence until the building was again closed after the inaugural festival, its future position being as yet only indicated by a festoon of dark crimson cloth, looped up with gigantic bouquets of artificial flowers. When these arrangements shall have been completed it is estimated that the hall will contain 2,500 spectators. At present, with the end gallery only, there is sitting accommodation for about 2,000. On the whole, the first Brighton festival, which took place last week, may be considered, notwithstanding a few drawbacks, a decided success, which we have no doubt may on future occasions be very largely extended.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

A somewhat remarkable addition has just been made to this already large collection of likenesses of famous and notorious personages. There is no man living who is for the moment exciting a greater amount of uneasiness interest throughout this country than King Theodore, of Abyssinia. There is none whom thousands of Englishmen would be so glad to encounter, and at the Baker-street Bazaar we have at present an opportunity of looking, at all events, on what is stated to be a copy of the figure of this very troublesome potentate. The work is said to be taken from a likeness of the King which was brought to England some time since by the Rev. Mr. Sterne, one of the captives, and its outlines do not belie our conception of the character of the original. Theodore is here exhibited as a black, but without any of the distinctive features of the negro, as of middle age, and of a resolute expression of countenance, and the absence of any gaudy accompaniment to the figure seems only to increase the probability of its general truthfulness. We cannot, however, of course, vouch for its perfect accuracy; but it presents, no doubt, as good a resemblance as it was possible just now to procure, and we may feel satisfied that the course of events will soon contribute to enlarge our knowledge of the singular personage whom it is supposed to represent.

THE LILY OF THE PLAIN.

"A LILY grew upon the plains of Persia,
And drank the living radiance of the sun,
And fed her fill upon those golden dews
That Persian poets call the tears of God.
Around her lay a paradise of sweets,
Narcissus cups and stately amaranths,
And many another gorgeous Eastern flower,
Hid the brown earth with rainbow-coloured blooms.
And now and then, when the light morning breeze
Inclined the lily's stalk towards the dim
Horizon's golden edge, the r gal bloom
Of roses met her vision, and she knew
Their scent upon the perfumed winds of heaven,
Wherewith the evening cooled the glowing plains.
But she herself stood on a little hill,
Unmated and alone, a stretch of sand
Parting her from the crowd of kinired b'ooms.
Great grief to her this was; it seemed as if
Her place had been forgotten in the plain,
And she alone could have no part in God,
Nor work for Nature, as her comrades did.

"The distant hum of some small neighbouring towns,
Where a few dwelt as gaudily-scattered men,
Came to her, sweetened by the breath of flowers.
At times she heard the trilling camel-bells,
Sparks of sound upon a murmurous sea,
And her heart yearned to grow towards the world,
And take her share of duty with the rest.
And with the jocund brightness grew her bloom,
And richer grew the fragrance of her breath,
Until the air was filled with that sweet scent,
The due essence of immortal love?
And from afar the perfume of the flower
Was wafted unto many a toiling man,
So that he felt refreshed and comforted,
And said, 'What angel hovers in the air?
I smell the almond-blooms of Paradise.'

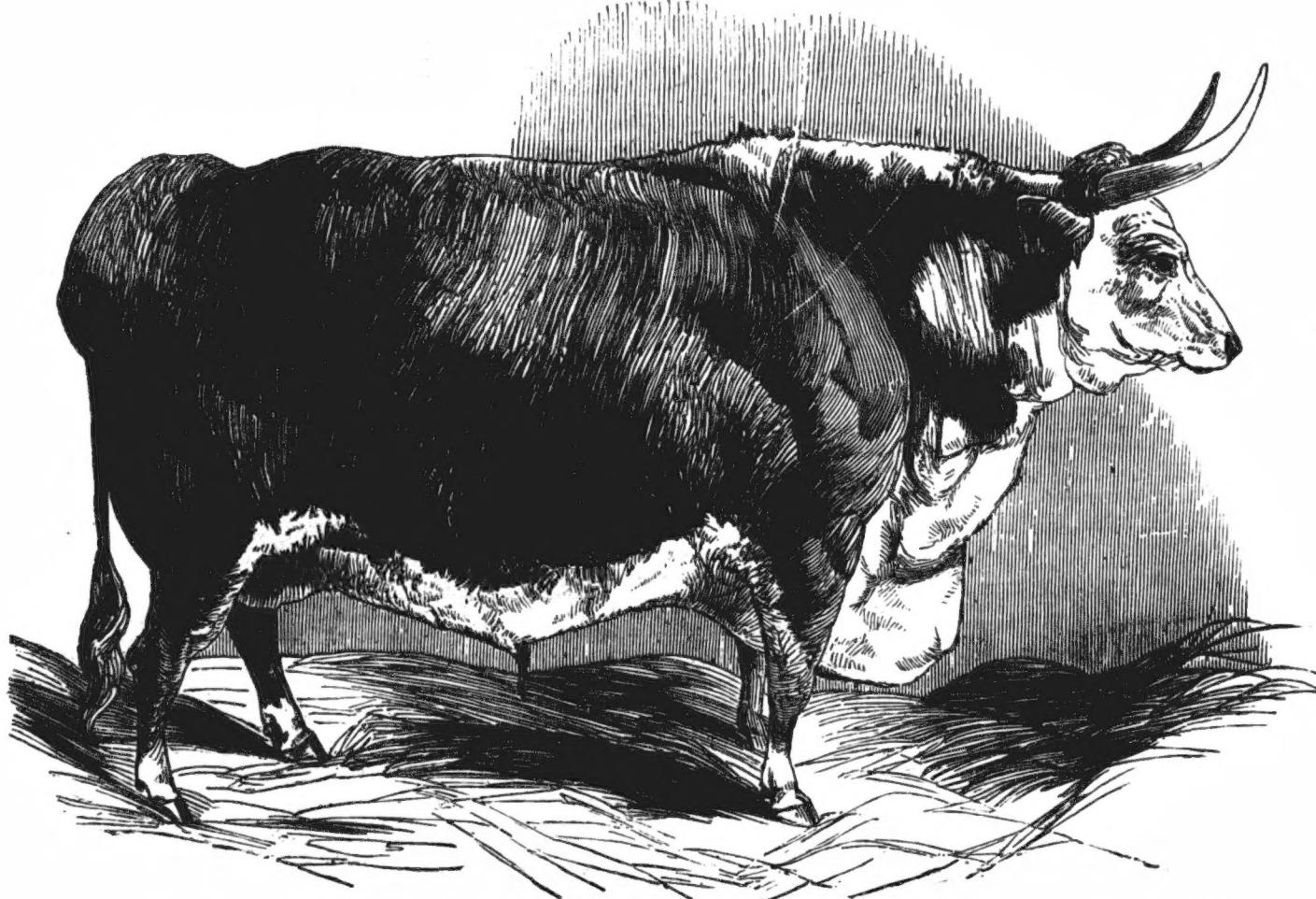
"So sweet it was that, over all the rest,
An angel, hovering o'er the neighbouring flowers,
Caught the unearthly fragrance, which recalled
To him the odorous balms of his own heaven,
And, nestling in the lily's cup, he felt
The stir of yearning at its fragrant heart,
And comprehending, with the skill of love,
All that lay hidden in its candid soul,
'Take heart,' said he, 'white lily. God is sweet;
And life that is not sweet has little God.
Who thinks a life, untroubled by sounding deeds
And void of settled aim save love and peace,
Is dullness, knows little of the links
Of purpose that connect all natural things.
Life is lived less in action than in thought.
And all its aims are summarized in love.
Thou givest all thyself. Can God give more?
Wouldst thou give more than God, love more than Love?
Be comforted; thou hast the praise of God.'

"And the white flower was sorrowful no more."

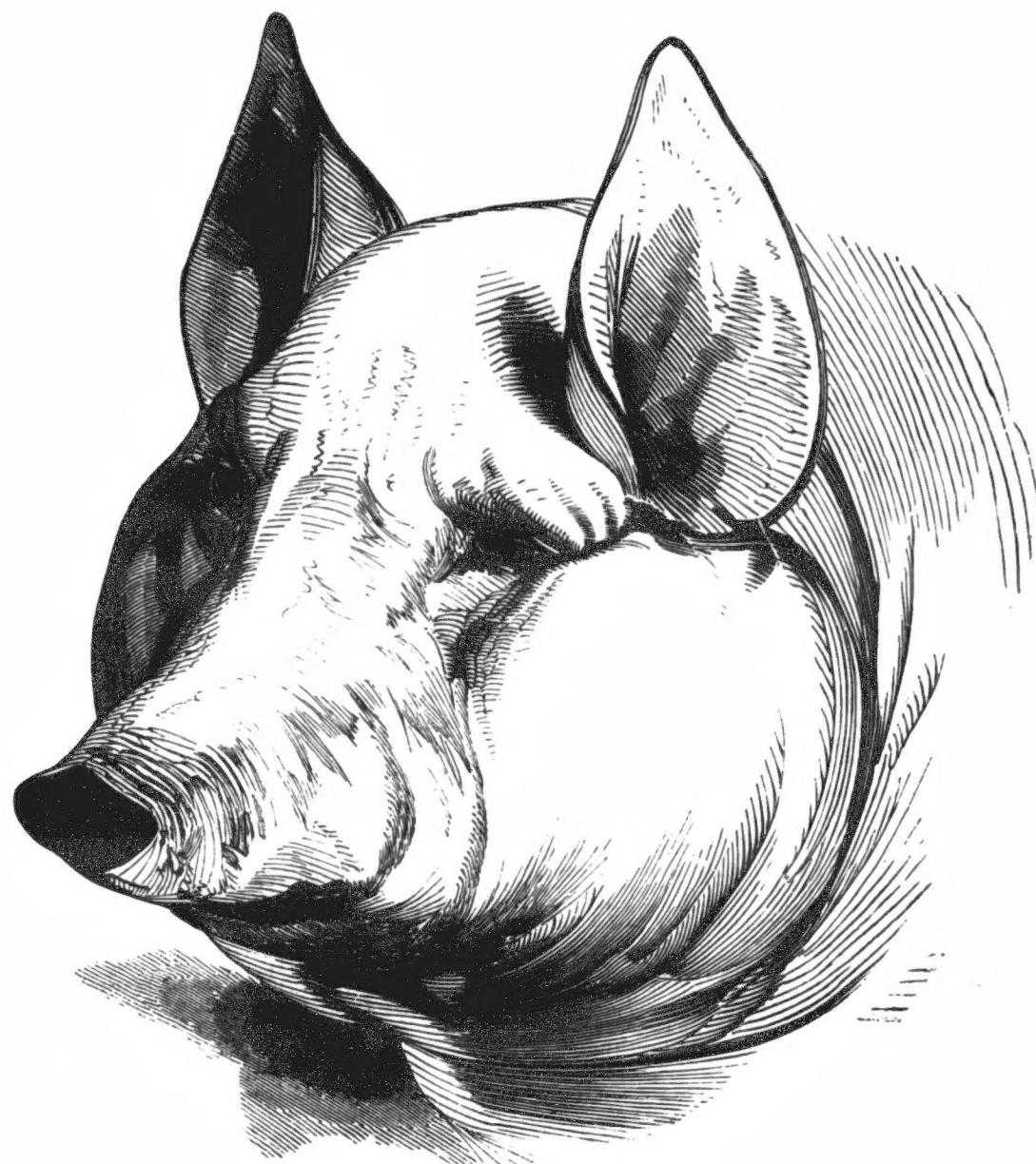
Saint Pauls.



SHORT-HORNED STEER, THE PROPERTY OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND—FIRST PRIZE AND SILVER MEDAL.



DEVON STEER, THE PROPERTY OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—FIRST PRIZE SILVER MEDAL.



BRED BY THE EARL OF RADNOR—FIRST PRIZE AND SILVER MEDAL.



SHORT-HORNED HEIFER, THE PROPERTY OF MR. R. STRETTON—FIRST PRIZE AND SILVER MEDAL.

The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE ALCHEMIST AT WORK.

"WILL you eat some of these grapes, mother?" asked St. Luke, raising the magnificent bunch, and admiring its beauty.

"I do not like fruit of any kind," replied Madam St. Luke, who seemed absorbed in thought.

"I do," remarked her son, "especially as my mouth is dry and feverish. But to return to our interrupted conversation. The plot of the Royalists has exploded. The Prince has escaped; the Earl of Branchland has escaped, with Lenora."

Here St. Luke related briefly much that is already known to the reader, and in conclusion said—

"And to perplex me more than all, in comes Sir Edward Dudley, and would have split my heart or windpipe with his dagger, but for that portrait, and would himself have been run through by my rapier, but for you. Now, why I was saved, and why he was saved, you know best, and you may keep the why a secret; but he said I was the son of Herbert Redburn—base-born son, remember. Now, in the first place, am I the son of Herbert Redburn? If I am his son, you must forego all your plans to injure him until it is proved I am his son."

"And then?"

"Then, if I am debarred, by the statute on bastardy, from inheriting the title and estates of the Duke of Langford, being only his illegitimate nephew, we must prove that I was born in lawful wedlock," replied St. Luke.

"Herbert Redburn's early crimes, and the decree of outlawry which brands his name," said Madam St. Luke, "extend to his children, if he has any."

"Ah, that is true!" exclaimed St. Luke, frowning. "Yet my influence with the Protector may easily remove the decree of outlawry and incompetency of succession, if I am, first, the son of Herbert Redburn, of Essex."

"Yet what becomes of Herbert Redburn when you have established your right to the succession?"

"Is he, then, my father?"

"He is not only your father, but I believe lawfully so," replied Madam St. Luke, emphatically, and raising her eyes to his with a steady gaze. "Since Sir Edward has told you, and aroused your suspicions, I need make no further concealment from you of your father's name. But you appear very ill," she cried, as she observed a deadly pallor spread over the face of her son.

"The grapes are delicious, but perhaps not wholesome," he replied, tossing the remnant of the bunch aside, and pressing his hand to his sides. "It will soon pass off—"

But even as he spoke his eyes rolled in their sockets as spasms of agony shot through his vitals, and his muscles became rigid, his features distorted.

"You are very ill," exclaimed Madam St. Luke, springing to ward him, and grasping his hand.

St. Luke's hand was cold and clammy to her touch, and he was speechless. His white teeth were set hard in a grin of agony, and his heavy breathing blew bubbles of froth upon his livid lips.

"You are poisoned," thought his mother, but too prudent to say it aloud. "And with a poison which produces convulsion and cramps."

She rushed from the room, and though she was not away three minutes, when she returned St. Luke had fallen from the chair, and lay upon his face on the floor.

The strong and resolute mother did not call for aid, but, sinking down upon the floor, placed his head in her lap and poured half of the contents of a small vial between his lips. The liquid passed between his teeth and flowed down his throat.

Madam St. Luke then saturated her handkerchief with the remainder of the liquid and held it near, but without touching his nostrils. His muscles instantly relaxed; he lay limp and unconscious in her arms. She now poured a few drops of another liquid into his throat, and St. Luke became sensible.

His mother aided him to reach the sofa, and said—

"Lie down, and all will be well, I hope. Wait—yes, I know it must have been in the grapes."

"My mouth is scorched—it seems to be a mass of raw flesh," groaned St. Luke.

"Better than than the horrible death into which you were sinking, my son. I will be back in a moment."

She seized the remnant of the bunch of grapes and left the room. When she returned she gave her son a glass of medicine, saying—

"It will make you very sick for a few minutes, my son; but after that you will be well, though weak. Drink."

St. Luke obeyed, and, as his mother had warned him, a death-like sickness followed for a few minutes. She gave him wine as he felt better, and in a few minutes more he declared himself quite well, but weak.

"The weakness will soon pass off. You have had a narrow escape. It was well for you that I was with you. The grapes were poisoned."

"Poisoned, no doubt; but why, and by whom? Certainly not by Lady Claypole, whose servant brought them."

"I am sure she never saw them, nor was that servant from her. The grapes were impregnated with a deadly poison, which was conveyed upon the point of a fine needle."

"How do you know that, mother?"

"My microscope revealed the punctures in the skin of the grapes—why so punctured unless to impregnate their juice with venom? I have not analysed the juice yet; but I guess at the kind of poison, which I know Herbert Redburn employed years ago."

"But who poisoned the grapes?"

"Did you not this morning permit Reginald Brame to learn that his pretended apprentice was Colonel Raymond St. Luke?"

"Ah! then it is who has aimed this blow at my life. My father!" cried St. Luke, shuddering.

"No doubt. But remember that he does not know that Raymond St. Luke is his son," replied she. "Perhaps if he did he would rather poison himself."

"Then you think he would love me because I am his son?"

"He was devotedly attached to you when you were an infant, but as he hated me, and denied that I was his lawful wife, and would have taken my life, when I fled from him, unable to prove that I was his wife, I carried you with me. I never intended that you should know that he was your father. Sir Edward Dudley you may thank for that."

"But if he, my father, discovers that I am his son, and if the marriage was legal, will he not produce the proof?"

"And then, my son?"

"Why, with those proofs in our possession, what do we want with the outlawed Herbert Redburn? I am sure that if the bar of illegitimacy be removed, I can manage the right of succession," said St. Luke. "Reginald Brame we can use in the beginning."

"Then you must manage to make yourself known to him as your son. I detest the thought of ever seeing him—in fact, I dread him. He thinks me dead, years ago. He thinks he caused my death. Where he to suspect that I am alive, he would seek me, and some day I would be found dead."

"But he will not believe me if I merely say, 'Herbert Redburn, I am your son.' I do not even know the name you bore when he married you."

"Oh, never fear for that," said his mother. "I will furnish you with such proofs that you are his son that he will not doubt."

He will also aid you in making Lenora your wife, and should he refuse, he can compel her consent. Nor should you delay to ally yourself with him. Lenora has fled, but be assured that he is at this moment devising plans or attempting to capture her. My son, it is well for you that you can say to Herbert Redburn, 'I am your son,' for his malice never sleeps. You must make the fact known to him before he can learn that this attempt has failed, or it will be followed by another, and another, until you die!"

"Thus all our plans assume a new phase."

"Yes; but remember this, my son, that your father, who bitterly hated me, may bitterly hate my child, though that child is his own son."

"I will take that risk," replied St. Luke, in a quiet tone.

"And can you not proceed at once?"

Here a footman of the house entered with a package and a note for Colonel St. Luke.

"They were delivered at the door, sir, by a footman wearing the livery of the Lord Protector," said the servant.

"The note is from his highness," remarked St. Luke, as he opened the package, in which he found a new book and a pair of superb military gloves. "Ah, the last work on field strategy, and a magnificent pair of parade gloves, mother."

The gloves were costly and beautiful, heavily embroidered and admirably finished. The book was a work much spoken of at the time by military men, and as but few copies had been printed, the work was rare.

The note was blunt and brief, thus:

To Col. R. St. Luke, from Oliver Cromwell.—Report to-night.

"My son," said Madam St. Luke, arresting his hand as he was about to try on the gloves, "until you are sure that Herbert Redburn receives you as a son, make it a rule to receive no presents, to taste nothing, to eat nothing unprepared by me."

"But the present of the Protector! Of course he would be displeased were I not to wear those gloves, his gift, the first time I enter his presence."

"You are sure that he sent them?"

"I am sure. This is his writing and signature," replied St. Luke.

Madam St. Luke shook her head and examined the gloves minutely, after which she said, as she tossed the gloves into the fire:

"They came from Wild Redburn. They are poisoned!"

"Poisoned? And how can gloves communicate poison?" cried St. Luke, in amazement.

"Let me see your hand, my son. Is there no scratch or wound upon it? Yes, here are several fractures of the skin," she said, as she examined the thin and muscular hand of the colonel.

"Scratches, mother, which I received last night."

"But mortal wounds had you worn those gloves for a few minutes. The inside of the gloves were powdered with a perfumed dust made of a pulverised gum of the Spanish Indies—a vegetable poison so powerful that its venom will penetrate even the un-wounded skin, if perspiration open the pores. The incessant friction of the gloves when worn would have sweated your palms, and before to-morrow morning you would have been dead."

"And this book?" asked St. Luke, as he stared at the innocent-looking volume.

"Have you never read that Charles the Ninth of France was poisoned by a book?" His mother, Catherine di Medici, poisoned him. "I, your mother, will save you. Look, you see that each leaf slightly adheres to its neighbour. You are reading eagerly, how do you turn the leaves as you read?"

"I moisten my thumb by putting it to my tongue, and then the touch of my tongue easily lifts the obstinate leaves," replied St. Luke.

"True, and each time that your thumb comes in contact with these pages it gathers a deadly, though invisible poison, which you would place upon your tongue. It was by this horrible treachery that Catherine di Medici poisoned her son, Charles the Ninth of France, so that he died of what was called the bloody sweat, that awful death which the Huguenots said God sent upon him for his share in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Come, let us place the book where we have put the gloves," said Madam St. Luke, as she threw the poisoned volume into the fire; adding, as she turned to her son:—"You see that it is worth something to have been the wife of Herbert Redburn."

"Did he tell you all these things, mother, or did you discover them without his knowledge?"

Madam St. Luke did not reply immediately to this question. She bent her head, and her face assumed a gloomy expression. Then raising her head, while her fierce eyes sparkled defiantly, she said:

"He taught me, and I was an apt pupil. This is past now. I loved him once. I hate him now. But receive no more presents; eat and drink nothing, not even water, unprepared by me. Come soon to my room," she said, as she withdrew. "You will break fast with me, and I will furnish you with proofs, so that you may boldly say to the alchemist of the Red House, 'I am your son. I am your son Herold, whom you thought dead, but who was carried away by your wife, Edith Redburn.'"

"But if he still disbelieves, despite the most convincing proofs?" asked St. Luke, arresting her departure with a hasty gesture.

"Then, my son," replied Madam St. Luke, in a solemn voice, "your interests will demand that your mother shall re-appear to him as from the grave, and confront him in an interview in which he or she must die."

She then withdrew, and Colonel St. Luke, with a shudder as he thought of his father, began to prepare first for an interview with his mother, and then for one with that father.

He hurried, for the rapidity and cunning with which the terrible alchemist had begun his formidable and insidious attacks appalled even the calm courage of the cold-blooded and merciless Raymond St. Luke.

It was life or death. He must make the alchemist a friend, or he must himself become a paricide.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE JEW AND THE ALCHEMIST.

SIR EDWARD DUDLEY had not gone far when he discovered that he was pertinaciously followed by the porter of St. Luke.

"The scoundrel has set a spy upon me to denounce me," thought the fierce old cavalier, turning into an obscure street and striding on rapidly, hoping to baffle the pursuit of the porter.

But after passing through that street and doubling through several more, glancing over his shoulder, he saw the tall porter still following him.

The baronet longed ardently to turn and punish him, but he knew that an affray would cause his instant arrest. He wondered why the porter had not already set a crowd upon him. But that worthy feared that he would gain but little, if any, of the reward offered for the apprehension of the knight should a crowd be the means of his arrest. So he followed on, trying to devise some plan by which he would be certain to secure the five hundred pounds. He did not dare to attack so redoubtable a warrior as Sir Edward, whose feats with sword and pistol, fist and dagger, were famous. So he gazed about while holding him in view for some warlike friend who would aid him in the arrest, and not ask half of the reward.

He met at last a discharged trooper, whose fierce face and fierce air told that he was ready for any kind of brawl, if well paid for the risk.

"Come, Corporal Rime," said the porter, "walk by my side, and in the words of the unholly player, I will put money in thy purse."

"Readily, Master Ives," replied Rime, twisting his fingers around the tassel of his sword and pacing on with the porter. "What is it now? Is there some fellow to be quirked through the ribs?—some knave to be pounded into a jelly? Or—"

"Hist! You see that person in the military cloak and the red-plumed beaver?"

"I see him, and he puts down his feet like an old soldier, albeit with strides rather longer than—"

"That is the man. Aid me to arrest him, and I will pay you five pounds."

"His name, friend Ives? He may be that old devil of a cavalier, Sir Edward Dudley, and to run the risk of arresting him were well worth the five hundred pounds they offer. It is known that he escaped last night."

Master Ives kept an unmoved visage as he heard his companion hit the very name of him whom he wished to arrest, and was about to reveal the fact, when Rime continued—

"Or it may be the outlawed Earl of Branchland, for whose arrest a thousand pounds were offered. Listen."

A public crier was passing along the middle of the street, ringing a bell, and pausing now and then to yell—

"O ye! O ye! One thousand pounds will be paid to him who arrests or causes to be captured, dead or alive, the person of Albert de Vere, whilom called the Earl of Branchland; five hundred pounds more for the capture, dead or alive, of James Howard, whilom called Sir James, colonel at Worcester; five hundred more for the capture, dead or alive, of Edward Dudley, of Dudley Manor, Brigadier-General at Worcester, in the army of Charles Stuart. O ye! O ye! And thirty thousand pounds! thirty thousand pounds! thirty thousand pounds! for any information that shall lead to the capture, dead or alive, of Charles Stuart, whilst called the Prince of Wales, and falsely claiming to be King of England."

"You have seen the Earl of Branchland," said Ives, "and know that he is a head taller than the man in the cloak."

"To arrest any of the three—for I do not believe Charles Stuart was in England—will be hot work and dangerous," said Corporal Rime, who had no thought of selling his services lightly, when such enormous rewards were flying about his ears. "I do not know your man, so it will be fair to ask a hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds! You are mad!"

"Out of which I agree to pay for the services of four others," continued the corporal. "If that is Sir Edward or Sir James, man, there'll be a throat cut or a heart split."

"I agree. I do not know the man, but I suspect," said the porter. "And now for the four others."

They are not far off, Master Ives, for they are my men for the week. I hire them cheap, for such a length of time, to hang about me. They are stupid-witted louts, yet tough fighters and ever ready. It is their trade, and now there is no war."

The corporal continued to walk on with the porter, but the latter soon noticed that four rough fellows, whose air and step savoured of the army, had silently fallen into the rear, with their eyes fixed upon the corporal, whose gestures had collected them from the throng of passers-by.

Sir Edward had also discovered that he was followed by six men, instead of one, and, glancing about for some means of escape, saw a saddled horse not far off, whose rider had dismounted and was standing with the bridle held lightly in his hand, reading a paper.

The old cavalier strode on, with his mind made up to do if he died for it, and was soon apparently about to pass the horse and its owner, when he suddenly jerked the bridle from the hand of the latter, dealt him a tremendous blow upon the temple with his iron-like knuckles, and vaulted into the saddle.

The three feats were achieved so rapidly that all seemed but as one, and the owner of the animal fell as the active old cavalier touched the saddle and darted his heels, in place of spurs, against the flanks of the horse.

Sir Edward was off at a prodigious pace before the owner could scramble to his feet, and as he did so the porter and his party ran up, cursing the mischance which had deprived them of his prey.

But the blow dealt by the escaping baronet had not merely prostrated the owner of the horse; it had knocked off a wig of coarse red hair, a pair of false eyebrows, and a false red beard, and the pale thin face of the alchemist was revealed.

The porter did not pause to look at him, but ran on after Sir Edward as fast as his long legs could carry him, having espied a horse not many paces distant, which he resolved to mount in the name of the Commonwealth, and use in the pursuit of the five hundred pounds.

The corporal, however, instantly halted, and his four mercenaries halted with him. The corporal had seen a gesture made by the alchemist as he caught his eye, and he halted, hat in hand.

"Who struck me? The name of that man?" demanded the alchemist, in a low, firm tone.

"Sir Edward Dudley," replied the corporal.

"Sir Edward Dudley!" muttered the alchemist, as his blue eyes flamed with wrath. "The devil has broken loose and set his imps upon me. I thought Sir Edward was in the Tower by this time, where, I hoped, his share in the plot would lead him. I thought I had done you injury enough, old man; but this blow runs up fresh account. Here Rime," he said aloud, "are these your knaves?"

"Every one, doctor; and since the cavalier is off on four legs, we need not limp after him. Master Ives, I see, has mounted a a horse, and spurred in pursuit."

"He need not hope to catch the horse which Sir Edward rides," said the alchemist. "But I have use for you and your men. Follow me into that pawnbroker's shop opposite, where I may adjust my disguise and tell you more."

With these words, the alchemist hurried across the street and into the shop, followed by the corporal and his men.

Not long after they had entered, and passed through the shop into a back room with the proprietor of the shop, a boy left the shop, bearing a basket. When he returned, the basket was full of the rarest fruits.

The shopkeeper selected one of the finest of the many silver salvers which their owners had pawned from time to time, and the alchemist prepared that present of fruit and grapes which we have seen partaken of by Colonel St. Luke.

No one saw the alchemist as he skilfully punctured the delicate coats of the rich grapes with a poisoned needle as slender as the finest hair, for he was alone when he did it.

As soon as it was ready, he despatched the salver, as we have seen, to Colonel St. Luke, in charge of the corporal, disguised in the livery of Lady Claypole—garments readily furnished by the pawnbroker, whose calling made him owner of liveries of nearly every family of note in London.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, Offenbach's new piece, was performed last week at the Opéra Comique, and drew, as usual, that distinguished crowd which never fails to gather itself together to witness a first representation.

The house was crowded, and the toilettes, as a rule, were very novel, and well worth going to see had there been no other attraction. In the first tier of boxes I remarked a good many low dresses, and others with a Marie Antoinette fichu over them. The Austrian Archduke Louis Victor occupied the Imperial box, while Princess Metternich sat in the box opposite. Her dress was a rich Empress-blue silk, the top of the skirt made very full (no doubt à paniers); the bodice was trimmed with roulleaux of satin to match, and the front breadth of the skirt decorated en tablier to correspond. The Princess's hair was arranged in the Louis XV. style, with mass of ringlets at the back.

I also remarked the Duchesse De Morny in a most becoming pearl-grey dress; Mdlle. Schneider (the Grand Duchesse) in black velvet, profusely trimmed with jet; and charming Adelina Patti in grey silk, with a deep flounce round the skirt, a most original corsage russe of blue satin, and decorated with white guipure. This favourite prima donna sat in a small stage box on the third tier, until M. de Villemessant had the politeness to go and invite her to join his family in a box on the first tier.

Most of the well-known faces of the gentlemen of the press, as well as those of several musicians, I recognised listening to Offenbach's new opera. As much as 500. (£20) was paid for a box, which is a large sum for the Opéra Comique.

The evening receptions in the official world have commenced. The first took place this week, when Mdlle. Rouher did the honours with her accustomed affability and grace of manner. The Minister was in excellent spirits, and declared more than once that he had only been ill in the newspapers.

The Countess Willes de Lavalette wore a blue dress striped with satin of the same colour, but a few shades darker; the skirt was tastefully trimmed with cross bands of satin; the sash was entirely satin, and over the bodice there was a white lace berthe.

There was a very beautiful Austrian lady present, a brune, who excited much admiration among the company. She was dressed in the national colours of her country, and looked exceedingly picturesque. A pale orange satin skirt, cut with an immensely long train; a black velvet tunic bordered with very exquisite black lace, and cut out in deep scallops, opened over the skirt, while at the back of the tunic there was a wide orange satin sash. A spray of flowers in the hair, made partly of black velvet and partly of yellow satin, with the most delicate foliage, intermixed.

Marshal Vaillant, Ministre de la Maison de l'Empereur, has also given a reception during the last few days. Pretty Mdlle. S. was also among the guests, and wore a black velvet dress with an immensely long train, a scarlet moire sash was tied at the back of the waist with a monster baby bow, the ends of which were so long that they touched the ground. Madame S. had her beautiful fair hair thickly powdered with gold.

I am assured on good authority that the fashion of dresses à panier is to bring back once more that of hair powder—the real powder of Louis XV.'s day. I hope I am not guilty of gossip, but it is whispered that a certain great lady's hair is beginning to show the inevitable thin streaks of grey, and that some of the young fair beauties who surround her have hit upon the device of powder. The first ball of the season at the Tuilleries is announced for the 23rd inst., and there is a good deal of curiosity evinced about powdered heads on the occasion. I suppose there are more bald-headed and grey-haired men at these Tuilleries gatherings than at any other receptions in Paris. There are quite enough white locks to satisfy the most ardent admirers of these hoary signs of age; it would therefore be a pity if the many young and beautiful women who compose and surround the Court circle use artificial means to match the sterner sex. The gold and ebon lock, which poes sing about are surely far more to be admired than this powder, which renders a blonde still paler, and most certainly darkens a brune. These hoops, patches and powder belong to another age; it will be much to be deplored if they should be introduced in our days. In former times the French aristocracy formed a circle of their own, and could indulge in what vagaries they pleased; but society nowadays is much more mixed, and a reascension of the old Versailles splendour would be worse than folly. The taste of the present day certainly favours both Louis XV. and Louis XVI. styles; but the majority are a long way from accepting them completely and absolutely.

I will now describe some evening toilettes which I inspected a Mdlle. Vignon's a few days since.

The first was a mauve silk dress, with a deep Marie Antoinette flounce bordering it; the second skirt was of white gauze, and was likewise bord- red with a similar flounce, only in the thinner material. The gauze skirt described in front a very coquettish apron rounded at the bottom, and covered with roulleaux of mauve satin, forming ladders upon it, and these roulleaux were continued likewise on the low bodice. A wide sash of mauve satin completed the toilet.

The second, which was a black satin dress, was intended for mourning. The upper skirt was black silk gauze, bord- red with ruches, with a satin roulleau in the centre. These ruches, alternated with cross-cut bands of satin, covered with that exquisitely fine gimp that has recently come into vogue. The sash was black satin, tied at the back in a large bow. The low satin bodice was cut slightly square, and covered with small bouillons of gauze, and on the left shoulder there was a spray of eglantine copied in black velvet, the leaves sparkling with diamonds; a similar spray for the headress. Mdlle. Vignon now uses satin roulleaux for trimming low bodices, and, by crossing and interlacing them, simulates a sort of pelerine. Narrow cross bands she employs, also, for the same purpose, and making a plastron of them; if the bands are of satin they are decorated with jet, but if of black velvet they are edged at both sides with a narrow fold of coloured satin. These small intricacies of trimming should be seen; no verbal description gives an adequate idea of the niceties of Parisian taste.

A good many dresses are now made like open redingotes, and very elegant they look, besides being more dressy than a complete high bodice. Lace is sewn round the opening in front, and a large locket suspended on velvet is worn round the throat. This style of toilette looks well on those occasions when full dress is not required. I saw one the other day made of plain grey satin, with close-fitting sleeves, trimmed with cross bands to match; the sash was pale blue silk, and the velvet round the throat was also blue, and a very distinguished toilette it formed.

The Marie Antoinette fichus are in great favour just at present, those made of muslin are trimmed with either Valenciennes or guipure, while points d'Angleterre and d'Alençon are reserved for the full fichus.—*Queen.*

THE ONE WINE COMPANY.—This is the age of reform, and the One Wine Company have inaugurated a reform which will create a revolution in the wine trade. They have decided upon dealing fairly with the public, and have turned their back upon that disreputable thing known as the reputed pint. If you purchase a pint bottle of wine of the One Wine Company you have it; there is no swindling; and when the charge is reasonable, and the wine beyond criticism, this enterprising company may depend upon the support of the British public, which has always cried down humbugs, and denounced shams. Let every one who wishes to be fairly treated send their Christmas orders to the One Wine Company and they will not be disappointed.

THE GARDEN.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

RECENTLY sown peas and beans, as soon as they have grown fully out of the ground, must be well earthed up. Bear past remarks in mind in reference to allow a higher ridge upon the side from which the coldest winds are likely to blow. See that the frost does not penetrate in any degree into the heart of the celery. It causes it to rot very much. Of course the usual routine of trellising, digging, and the proper lightening up of all fallowed soils, must be proceeded with as opportunity offers. Leave nothing in this way undone longer than is possible; but afford to these vacant spaces, by fully exposing the greatest surface possible to the influences of the elements, the means of amelioration of which they are capable, to the full extent.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

HINTS TO AMATEURS.

December is such a pinching month for the fingers, that we will not at once rush out into the cold, at the risk of chillblains, but begin with a little indoor-work first, just to get our blood into circulation.

Label-making is an occupation which may well be left until this season, when there is comparatively little to do out-of-doors; it is, moreover, essentially a fireside amusement. Get a bundle of laths, such as the plasterers use, choose the smoothest and broadest that you can find; saw them into convenient lengths; cut one end of each to a point, and shave off any little uneven parts that there may be. It takes but a short time to thus prepare some hundreds of labels, upon which, if a little white lead or thick white paint is then smeared and rubbed in, it is easy to write with a lead pencil. Such labels as these will generally last for about a year in the open ground, and for a much longer time in pots in greenhouses, but in damp soil, when exposed to all weathers, the part in the ground becomes rotten, after it has passed through one winter, and the label breaks off and gets misplaced or lost. To prevent this, and to obviate the necessity of writing fresh once, every year, you must give each label two coats of oil paint, allowing the first coat to get thoroughly dry before putting on the second. Labels so prepared will last three or four years. White paint is best for those whose eye-sight is not strong, since writing is more easily read upon it than upon a dull colour; at the same time it has the objection in winter, when little else but labels appear above ground, of making your borders appear like a cemetery of miniature tombstones. I therefore prefer using paint of a light brown, or drab colour, as being less conspicuous.

Now that we are beginning to appreciate the luxury of a great coat, it is a seasonable time to talk about protection of plants. If we had more snow, we should have the less need for artificially protecting tender plants; for snow is Nature's own great-coat, and is a better one than anything of human invention; it protects alike against frost, hail, and wind. Few seem to know how little the roots of plants are influenced by frost when more than six inches deep. Anything planted a foot deep is quite out of the reach of any frost that occurs in England, since even in wet clay soils, where frost penetrates deeper than elsewhere, it has not been known to get more than ten, rarely more than seven inches from the surface. There are many plants, however, that will not grow if planted so deeply as to be beyond the effects of frost. For these it becomes necessary, if they are liable to be killed by frost, to provide protection of some kind. It doubtless goes much against the grain with amateurs to allow any "littery mess" to lie about; nevertheless, there is such value in a covering of dead leaves, manure, or straw, all through the frost, that those who have thus protected their flower borders for one winter will find so much advantage from it next season in strength of foliage, profusion of bloom, and absence of dead ones, that even the greatest sticklers for apple-pie order (whatever that particular description of neatness may be) will be henceforth induced to pocket his prejudices, and calmly make up his mind to submit to the trouble of sweeping up a little oftener, for the sake of the benefit which he is to derive from the disorderly litter. The slight depth to which frost penetrates the earth seems to indicate that it only requires a corresponding depth of covering to keep the frost from touching the surface of the earth; and this is found to be more or less true; the difference varying of course with the nature of the covering. The greatest risk in the protection of tender plants in the open ground arises, not from the sharp frosts of January, but from the slight frosts of May, after the few warm days in April have started vegetation into active life; it is then that we are tempted to remove the protection which has carried us safely through the severest weather, and it is by this premature removal that many plants are lost. People seem to forget that the same walls and roof screen them alike from scorching sun and nipping cold, so the covering which protects the ground from a cold atmosphere will also prevent its being influenced by a warm atmosphere; and will, by being left on till all risk of late frosts is over, enable the plants to bloom just as soon and much more healthily than if they had begun to grow sooner and had been checked.

Protection from the wind is a matter not to be neglected; indeed we are strongly of opinion that there are more mishaps in the world of so-called hardy plants from easterly wind than from any ordinary frosts. It is well known how differently the same kind of plant is affected by one night's frost in different parts of the garden, and if the situations are examined it will be found that exposure or non-exposure to wind will generally prove to be the cause of the difference. Plants are influenced nearly if not quite as much as animals by the action of air in motion; and doubtless they, as well as we, find the air to be much warmer in calm than in windy weather, though the thermometer may register the same on each occasion. To anyone who doubts this it is easy to prove the fact by using water instead of air. Put your feet into a bath where the water is too hot to be comfortable; keep your feet quite still, and after the first twinge you can just bear to keep them there and no more; but only attempt to move them about, and the water at once feels so many degrees hotter that you gladly take your feet out. Now, there is evidently no increased heat here; it is merely the difference between water still and water in motion. And the sensation would be similar if iced water instead of hot water, were poured into your foot-bath.

The explanation of it is this: where an object (say a human being, or a plant) is exposed to a still atmosphere of a temperature somewhat higher or lower than its own temperature, the object receives or parts with some portion of its own heat, that is, takes from, or gives it to, the atmosphere in immediate contact with it, which thereby becomes nearly of the temperature of the object itself, and thus the object scarcely feels the greater heat or cold, provided it not be excessive. But when there is a hot or a cold wind, the atmosphere in contact with the object is changing every minute, and is each minute taking from, or adding to, the temperature of the object exposed to it, and this cannot be continued for long without visible injury to the object.

There is much difference in the effects of wind, according to the direction from which it comes. With us the south-west is the warmest wind, because it comes from a warmer region than ours, and is charged with moisture from passing over the Atlantic Ocean. And so the north-east is the coldest wind we have, because it comes from very cold regions, and has lost nearly all its moisture while crossing Norway and Sweden.

It is from the northerly and easterly winds, therefore, that screens should be placed to protect plants that are liable to injury from their cold and drying effects.—*W. T. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

LITERATURE.

"Heine's System of Contract Co-operation," as Explained by Himself and Other Speakers at the First Public Meeting of the Holloway and Highgate Co-operative Society (Limited), held on October 28, 1867, at Hampden Hall, Hampden-road, Upper Holloway, Under the Presidency of W. T. McCullagh Torrens, M.P. London: F. Farrab, 282, Strand.

In these days of high prices, anything relating to Co-operation, is of unusual value and interest. The pamphlet before us contains the most lucid statement respecting the benefit to be derived from co-operation which we have yet seen.

Mr. Heine begins by saying that the high prices of the principal articles of food have for a long time attracted the attention of thinking men. It is a matter of fact that working men and men of small means find it difficult to procure sufficient food for the maintenance of their families on account of those high prices, and it is feared that, unless some decided steps are taken by heads of families to remedy what must be to them a great evil, the system may not only continue during the approaching winter, but may become worse. It behoves us, therefore, calmly, patiently, and impartially to consider our position.

With regard to the butchers, he says, "There are some people who are in the habit of making comparisons, and, by so doing, destroy the very effect they wish to produce. These good people will compare the prices of meat at Leadenhall and Newgate markets with those charged in their immediate neighbourhood—a comparison by no means fair or reasonable. You ought not and can never expect butchers to be in a smaller way of business than those salesmen, and in more distant localities—where, again, the question of rent, rates, and taxes must be taken into consideration—to be able to sell meat at such prices as are charged at those markets, especially on a Saturday evening, when the salesmen wish to clear out. Nay, to do justice to your own argument, as well as to the butchers, you must take higher and safer ground. You ought first to consider the rents of the neighbourhood where your butcher lives, the cost for horses, servants' wages, and next, also, that he may have a family which he must support and educate, and that he has a right to look for a quiet and retired life on a small income, after a toiling life of perhaps thirty or forty years."

Having proved that tradesmen cannot afford to sell at such a price as the consumer ought to obtain the articles he requires, Mr. Heine goes on to say:

"I believe it is generally known that where and when co-operative societies have failed, it has been mostly in consequence of the management in connection with the stores, which had been entrusted either to incompetent or dishonest persons. Otherwise, the system of co-operation can scarcely fail. To avoid this rock, I conceived the idea to establish a society which, through its co-operative element, would assume such a moral strength as to compel the local traders, for their own sakes, to reduce the price of provisions to a reasonable tariff, and so to protect its members against future overcharges. I reasoned that a body of families can with equal advantage contract for their provisions as the authorities of large establishments."

We can recommend those who intend to co-operate, to purchase this pamphlet, and study that which Mr. Heine teaches.

"St. Pauls." No. III. Edited by Anthony Trollope.

"PHINEAS PHIN" and "All for Greed" continue to increase in interest. "England's Place in Europe" is a very clever article, and contains a vindication of Earl Russell's policy during the Danish War, and it is further remarkable for an overwhelming attack on the French Emperor. "An Essay on Carlyanism," "The Trade of Journalism," and "About Rowing," are of such sterling worth that they should be read by everybody.

"Beeton's Journal." No. I.

This is a fresh contribution to the periodical literature of the day, which promises to be unusually interesting. In his preface, Mr. Beeton says:

"I shall not follow the lead of publications which aim, by extravagance of expression or incident to beget sensational emotions, low, vulgar, or impure. The age is too well supplied, according to my lights, with all that sort of thing. In this view, I shall seek, in the wonderful pages of Nature, and in the discoveries and adventures of travellers, in the stirring description of the great deeds of armies and fleets, and in the stories of daring and courage, in accounts of the brave and virtuous—I hope with these to delight the minds of young men as much as with other more unworthy literature. I shall strive to create a useful and an exciting antidote to a pernicious and seductive bane. Writings of modern days will not alone supply the pages of 'Beeton's Journal.' Many very admirable, if not unequalled, works, hitherto overlooked by editors, or that have passed into oblivion from various causes, will appear in 'Beeton's Journal.' It is probable that I shall be able to announce for an early number, 'Charles O'Malley,' 'After Leipzig.' By the authors of 'Waterloo' and 'The Young Contingent.' Describing the invasion of the French territory by the Prussians and Austrians after Napoleon's disastrous campaign of 1813. Illustrated with splendid battle pieces. 'Cast Away on a Desert Island,' a real set of adventures. 'The Escape of Chung Wang,' by an Englishman who fought in China against the Imperialists. 'Strong Arm,' a romance of the Gold Mines."

If this bill of fare is not enough to stimulate our boys to invest a penny in No. I., they are difficult to please. No. I. now before us, contains an account and an illustration of the island of Tortola, "After Leipzig," and other articles and illustrations of interest.

"The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" Is a pile of amusement and instruction, as usual. A pattern for a square ottoman or of a pillow, presented with this number, is unusually rich and elegant. The literary matter is well worth a shilling, without the numerous patterns, diagrams, etc., which serve as windows to let light into the house of fashion.

"Hanover Square." No. II.

This magazine contains some excellent music, nicely arranged and selected. Now that musical magazines have been established it is surprising to every one that the idea was not thought of and acted upon before. "Hanover Square" is becoming so rapidly popular that the book furniture of no drawing-room is already considered complete without it.

AN ABYSSINIAN BANQUET.—Let the reader picture to himself thirty or forty Abyssinians, stripped to their waists, squatting round the low tables, each with his sword or knife, or "shotel" in his hand, some eating, some helping themselves, and some waiting their turn, but all bearing in their features the expression of that fierce glutony which one attributes more to the lion or leopards than to the race of Adam. The imagination may be much assisted by the idea of the lumps of raw pink and blue flesh they are gloating over. But I have yet to describe how they eat the strip of meat which I have just made one of the party cut off. A quantity of "dilikh," or "au a-zé," being laid on his bread, he dips one end of the meat into it, and then, seizing it between his teeth, while he holds the other end in his left hand, he cuts off close to his lips by an upward stroke of the sword, only just avoiding the tip of his nose, and so on till he has finished the whole strip.—*Hotten's Abyssinia Described.*

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, M.P., met the electors and non-electors of Lambeth at the Lecture Hall, Carter-street, Walworth, on Thursday evening.

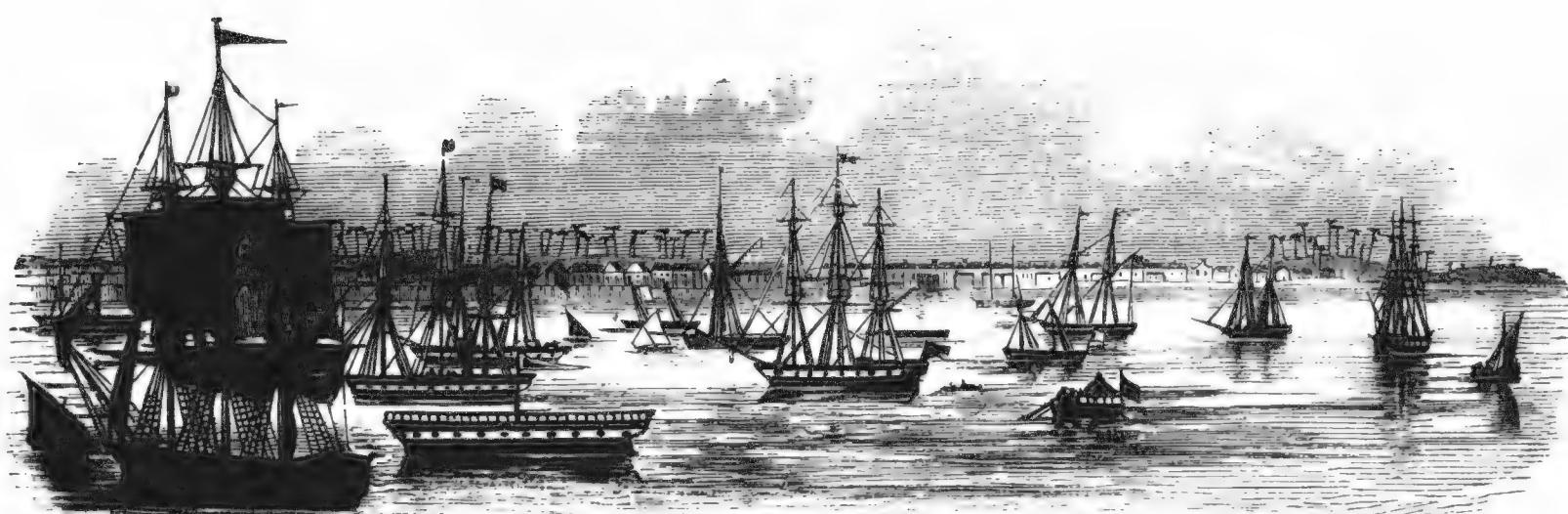
PANORAMA OF BOMBAY;

THE BASE OF WAR OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.



BIRCHWOOD ISLAND.

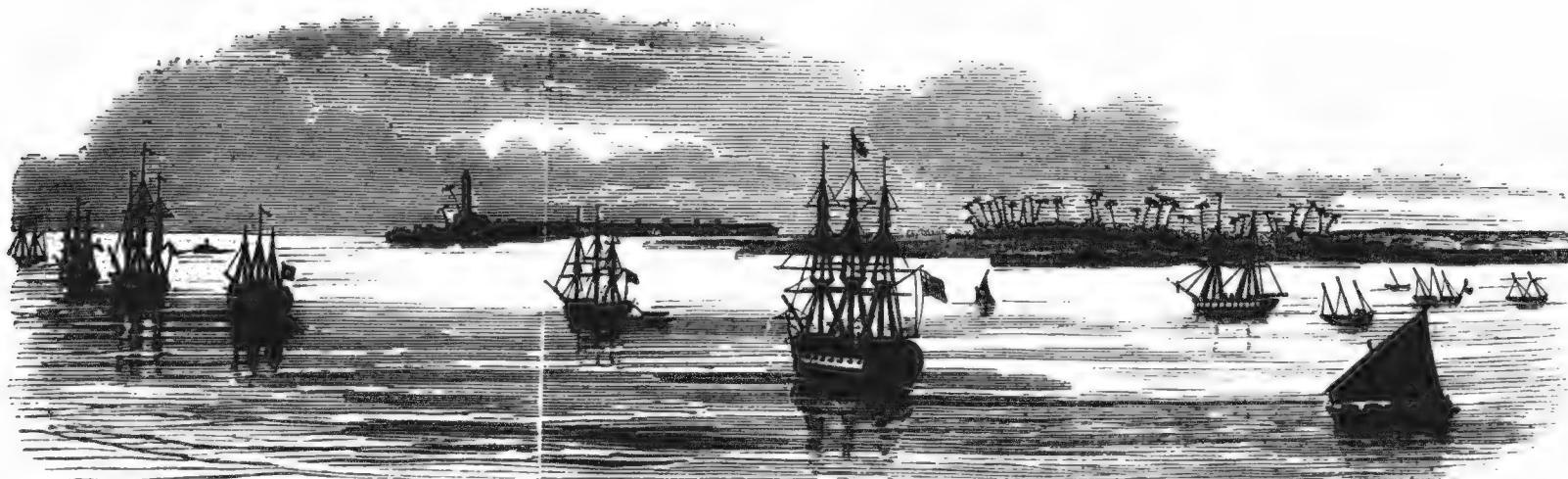
ELEPHANTA.



BOMBAY.

FORT GEORGE BARRACKS
AND MAGAZINE.

GIBBET ISLAND.

OLD LIGHTHOUSE
BEACON.

CALABAR LIGHTHOUSE.

CALABAR
BARRACKS.

BLACK TOWN CHAPEL.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

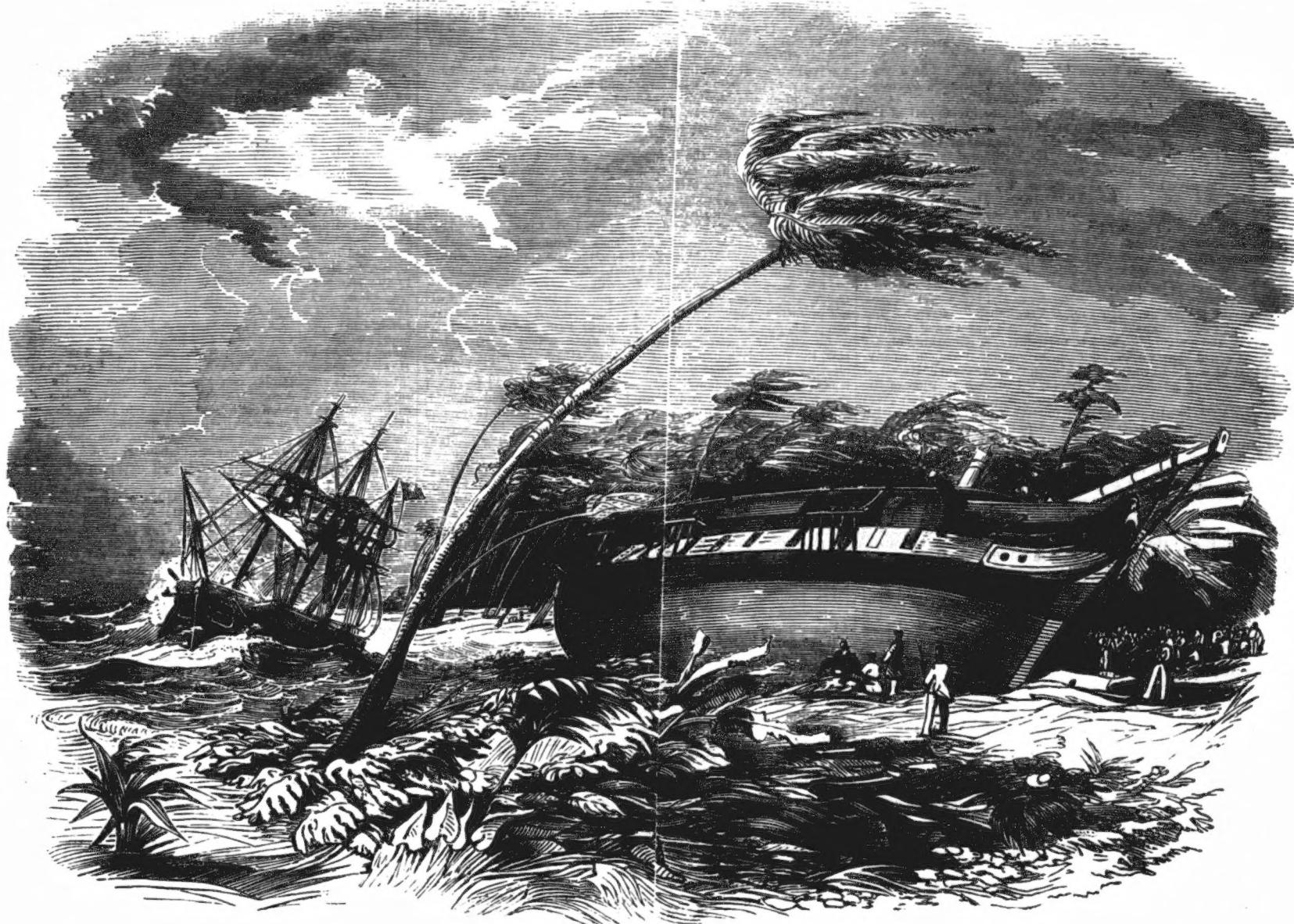
THE Post complains that immediately one of the Queen's subjects is appointed to any office of emolument in Her Majesty's foreign service abroad he must pay a tax, which the law does not authorize, for the benefit of a permanent clerk who has nothing further to do than to receive the toll which it pleases him to levy. The clerk calmly refuses to give effect to the sign-manual of his Sovereign till paid, and in the case of any one of the twenty consuls who do not employ agents it is claimed from their bankers as a right. If the banker formally demurs to an item which it is difficult to explain in his accounts, the process of recovery is easy. The Clerk stops the salary granted by the Crown until he is satisfied. It is not only in this but in other ways that the arbitrary and mischievous power of the "office" is shown—a power that makes the permanent officialism of the department paramount. The permanent clerks who rule the Foreign Office know nothing of foreign courts, and are like physicians who only know the disease from books attempting to prescribe for it. Mr. Hammond, the permanent under-secretary, was for a few months on foreign service in 1831, and he appointed himself to accompany Lord Russell on his luckless mission to Vienna in 1855. Mr. James Murray, the assistant under-secretary, has never been employed abroad at all; and although Mr. Alston, the chief clerk, is stated to have been for some time in the Herefordshire militia, and that he "was a lieutenant in the (Westminster) Rifle Corps for four months," this military training qualified him rather for war than for peace. The total ignorance of the permanent clerks of public business renders their fussy meddling dangerous. They jockeyed Sir James Hudson, the founder of the Italian monarchy, out of an

HOW NOT TO READ HISTORY.

WITH all deference to the gentlemen recently so warmly engaged in the controversy about the Latin accident, there is a subject of wider importance in our national educational system of which the text-books are in a very unsatisfactory state. Nothing can be more worthless or absurd than the historical knowledge of the schoolboys and girls of the present day. We dare venture to say that while at two-thirds of our schools the majority would be able to tell the exact numbers killed in all the important battles, and all the stories about the Black Prince and Cœur de Lion which are pure fiction, while they could tell how Alfred burnt the cakes, and William I. was so strong that no one could bend his bow or handle his sword, would perhaps know the position of the Barebones Parliament in history because it is an amusing name, and to be able to repeat all the adventures of the old and young Chevaliers, they could tell nothing of our great social and political struggles, of charters won and principles advanced; they know nothing of the martyrs of liberty, or the pioneers of freedom, nothing of those of our forefathers who sowed in tears and watered with their blood the germs of all that is contained in the proud boast, *Civis Anglicanus sum*; and if you spoke to them of such names as Langton, Moore, Pym, Hampden, and others, they would stare at you in blank silence. To them the teachings of history are of gaudy trapped warriors and deeds of prowess and mystery; of the greater struggles of their forefathers they know nothing. It is painful to notice how daily, in all classes of society, the consciousness of this poverty of historical knowledge is forced upon us. Nor are many of our leading professional examinations much more than a farce upon historical acquirements.—*St. Pauls.*

ILL-GOTTEN GOODS.

The late theft of the Roman gem from the museum at Shrewsbury recalls a robbery of pictures on a large scale which took place some five-and-twenty years ago, and which served to show the difficulty which attends the sale of such ill-gotten goods. On the occasion in question some of the most valuable of the pictures in Lord Suffolk's house at Charlton, in Wiltshire, were found one morning to be missing. The closest investigations failed to give any clue to the thief or thieves. Workmen had been at work in the house on the day before the robbery, and of course strong suspicion attached to them, and in like manner nothing was discovered to incriminate any of the servants of the family. The pictures stolen were further so large in size that it seemed almost impossible that they could have been appropriated and carried off with the speed with which they had certainly disappeared. Then followed the question how the thieves could turn them into money without furnishing some history of their previous owner, which could not have been given without making the crime public. It was supposed, as the best guess that could be hit upon, that they had been carried abroad, either to America or to the Continent, with a view to private sale to rich men who would not be too Continent, with a view to private sale to rich men who would not be too curious as to the truth of the story with which they would be accompanied. At last all hope of discovery was given up; when several years afterwards they were found in some obscure house in London, stowed away in secrecy as still unsaleable. They had really been taken from their frames by one of the servants of Charlton House, and cleverly hidden in the house itself, until some favourable opportunity occurred for carrying them off to London. The moral



THE HURRICANE AT ST. THOMAS'S.

A LAME EXPLANATION.

LORD STANLEY's reply to Mr. Wyld on Thursday night on the subject of the accusations preferred in an article in the *Morning Post* against Mr. Murray, the Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, though clear and explicit, as his lordship's replies always are, seems to us anything but satisfactory. Lord Stanley is reported to have said that the charge against Mr. Murray was simply and absolutely without foundation, because Mr. Murray, when promoted to the post of assistant under-secretary, had "ceased to hold any agency," i.e., to levy any per-cent-age upon the revenues of persons employed in the diplomatic and consular service. The expression "ceased" conveys an admission that Mr. Murray did do that as senior clerk which it would have been improper for him to have done as assistant under-secretary; and it is stated in a parliamentary return lately issued, price one halfpenny, that Messrs. Alston, Bidwell, Stavely, Hertslet and Bergne, senior clerks in the Foreign Office are at the present moment doing that which Lord Stanley considers it would have been improper in Mr. Murray to have done after his promotion to the post of assistant-secretary, but which he inferentially admits Mr. Murray did do prior to his promotion. Surely some further explanations ought to be required on this subject. The *Owl* estimates the revenue derived from this source by three or four senior clerks in the Foreign

office which he honoured by holding. At a critical moment for the Sublime Porte they recalled Sir Henry Bulwer from a post where the experience of thirty years made his presence a political necessity; and they put up in his place a gentleman who had no experience there at all, as if with the express purpose of confounding the British bondholder. They forced Lord Cowley to retire after a career of unexampled public usefulness, and they sent to the most important court in Europe a nobleman whose chief merit in their eyes must have been that he was never there before. Yet they did not want for good men to send to Turkey; if the talents of Sir Henry Bulwer had raised too much envy and confusion in their minds, there was Viscount Strangford, the best Oriental scholar in Europe, who had been educated at Constantinople, and who knew enough about Turkey to be a safe and wise counsellor in her peril. There was Sir Henry Rawlinson, whose name it is sufficient to mention. For the Court of France they might have chosen from twenty a statesman who would have filled the post of ambassador with a greater apparent sense of fitness than Lord Lyons, who, perhaps, might have done best in Russia.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859, —[ADVE.]

[ADVT.]
In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

Office to amount to £4,000 a year.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY's Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

of the story was satisfactory to all owners of valuable works of art. It had been found impossible to dispose of them without revealing the theft, even with all the machinery for selling now at the command of clever scoundrels. There is also a further moral for the benefit of the possessors of art treasures which they should weigh well—the more generally they allow their possessions to be seen by connoisseurs the more numerous will be the body of detectives ready to identify them if they fall into the hands of the receivers of stolen goods.

A CUNNING ABYSSINIAN CHIEF.—An Abyssinian always attempts to justify his actions. Lately Tuasoo Gobezi intercepted a messenger from Massowah, who was proceeding to the British prisoners with 4,000 dollars. "Hollow!" said Tuasoo, when the man was brought before him, "you look rather heavy. Where do you come from? where are you going?" The man had to tell the truth, and Tuasoo replied, "Well, the English were once friendly with Theodore; now they are offended with him, and can't be sending him money; neither is it right to send money to his prisoners. The English don't know me, nor I them; but I know myself. I want the money;" saying which, he took it.—*Hotten's Abyssinia Described.*

The Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine. [Anne 1.

LAW AND POLICE.

THE ART OF SHERIFF-MAKING.

HAYS v. CAVE was an action to recover £105 for services alleged to have been rendered at the election for sheriffs for London and Middlesex, in June, 1863.

The defendant pleaded never indebted.

Mr. Hawkins, in opening the case, said the plaintiff was Mr. William Hays, a warehouseman in the City of London, having a private residence at Ivy Bank, Fulham, and the defendant was Mr. Thomas Cave, a citizen of London and M.P. for Barnstaple. In 1863 the defendant became a candidate for the office of one of sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and the evidence which would be brought before the jury would present a curious history of the way in which these elections were conducted. Before this year Mr. Cave had been the personal friend of Mr. Hays, and had often intimated to him his desire of attaining to some prominent position which would give him an opportunity of frequently coming before the public—whether that of a member of parliament or sheriff signified to him very little. Mr. Hays thought the shrievalty of London was exactly the thing for Mr. Cave, and in June, 1866, he paid a visit to that gentleman, who then occupied offices in Moorgate-street, and suggested that he should become a candidate for the post. Mr. Cave said he would not like to start unless he succeeded, and asked what expense would have to be incurred. Mr. Hays said he would succeed if he followed his advice, and said that the expense of the office would be between £2,000 and £3,000. Mr. Cave next asked what would be the advantages of the position. Mr. Hays said "advantages which few men could hope to look for"; that he would be presented at court, and that if there happened to be a Queen's ball he might be sure he would be invited to it; that the office of a justice of the peace for Middlesex would be thrust upon him; and, lastly, that he would do that which he had never done before, and might never do again—dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury, "as usual." These were attractions which Mr. Cave found it utterly impossible to resist, and he consented to offer himself as a candidate.

Mr. Wm. Hays, the plaintiff, gave evidence in support of the above statement. He said: I first became acquainted with the plaintiff in 1855 or 1856, when the manager of the Anchor Insurance Company, in Cheapside. He mentioned to me that he would be glad to avail himself of some company, or of some office, which would give him a good position. I proposed two or three directorships to him, but he declined them. One was in connection with the Westminster and Southwark Bank. On the 13th of June, 1863, I waited upon him at the Anchor Reversionary Company, in Moorgate-street. He was then a monetary agent, and discounted bills. He was also manager of that company. The Anchor Insurance Company in Cheapside sold its business, and was wound up. The directors in both were nearly the same. I asked Mr. Cave if he would like to serve the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. He said, "Very much." I replied that I thought I could manage it for him; that it was a great position to attain, and a stepping-stone to parliament, or something higher still. I added that we would have to manage it very discreetly, and that he would have to spend a good deal of money. He asked what were the advantages? I said, "The high position of the office. You will be presented at Court, and if the Queen gives any grand fete or ball you are sure to be there. You will dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and be put on the commission of the peace for Middlesex." (Laughter.) He said, "Are you certain about the commission of the peace?" I said, "Every sheriff who has served his office properly is put on the commission, and I feel certain you will." I also told him that he must promise me to have Mr. Gammon for his under-sheriff, and also to retain Mr. Ledger, an influential man at City elections, especially with the livery. I told him that he could not possibly gain his election unless he did so. He then asked me what the expense would be. I said that he could do it for £2,500 or £3,000, but that he could spend more if he liked. That was the expense of holding the office, and the election. He said, "If you are perfectly certain I shall succeed, put me in nomination." I said I should certainly want one hundred guineas for myself, but that I should expect nothing if he did not get in. He replied, "Get me in, Hays." I went to Mr. Gammon's office, and said that Mr. Cave would be delighted to serve the office of Sheriff. On a subsequent day I told Mr. Cave that Mr. Gammon would promote his election, on the understanding that he (Cave) was to pay all, and Mr. Gammon receive all. He asked me what I meant by that, and I said Mr. Gammon would receive the emoluments attached to the office, but not pay a sixpence to anybody. That was agreed to. The witness then detailed some of the services he had rendered in the election, and said difficulties arose in consequence of rumours that Mr. Cave was not the proper person to be sheriff; that he was a 60 per cent, and sometimes 200 per cent, discounter. It was thought that the hall should be packed, and Mr. Cave wished to have some one to defend his character, if attacked. I strongly advised that Mr. Sergeant Tindal Atkinson, who was a friend of Mr. Cave, should be asked to speak. He was made a manager of the Silver Wire-drawers' Company. I went in search of him. Mr. Cave was also made a Hiveryman. Before the election I went to my friend, Mr. E. T. Smith, of Cremorne, and told him in what difficulty we were. He said "I'll send all my people down." He did not send all, but about 80 to 100. Mr. Wilson, stationer, of Cheapside, who was one of the committee, also at my request sent to Guildhall all he could spare from his establishment. Nothing was paid to them—they had only a glass of beer. Mr. E. T. Smith's men bothered me a good deal. I paid some of them 6d, and others a shilling. I got rid of £4 or £5 in that way. It was arranged with Mr. Gammon that the people should hold up their hands or shout as he moved a piece of paper which he held under his arm. When Mr. Cave came forward they were to give him a tremendous cheer and hurrah, and when any one else got up they were to try and drown his voice. That they did most effectually. I worked morning, noon, and night for Mr. Cave between the 18th June and the 24th, when the election took place, and I spent from £10 to £15 for cab hire, in treating people, and for other things. When he was put in the commission of the peace in 1866 I applied to him for the £105, and soon afterwards I commenced my action. All the expectations I held out to him have been realised, except going to the Queen's ball, as none, I think, was given in his year of office.

Cross-examined: I carried on the business of a warehouseman in Riche's-court, Lime-street, and at Wapping nine months, on my own account. Before then I was manager to Mr. E. T. Smith. Previously I was owner of the Sea Horse Hotel, Worthing. I was also connected with the company which subsequently bought it. I have carried on the business of a financial agent in Canon-street. In June, 1863, I was promoting the Westminster and Southwark Bank. There was a dissension among the directors, but I returned every shilling of the deposits intact. I was not living with Mr. Gammon at the time of the election. In March or April, 1863, I was laid up with illness in his house for a short time, and received great kindness at his hands. He was not an intimate friend of mine. He once sued me. He was joint solicitor in the bank I was promoting. Mr. Gammon has been under-sheriff several times. He said, "If you can get a really good man to come forward, I will get him in if he will pay for it." It was through Mr. Gammon's interest that Mr. Cave was elected. I have not received a penny-piece from Mr. Gammon in respect of the election. He gave me a watch and chain at the latter end of 1864. It is a very handsome present. (The witness here exhibited a gold watch and a massive gold Albert chain.) I have had occa-

sion to compound with my creditors, but I paid every one of my just creditors 20s. in the pound. The calls on my shares in companies I have not paid. I did not mention to Mr. Cave that I had brought men from Cremorne, nor to Mr. Gammon. I told Mr. Cave that I had brought a great quantity of people to the hall. Between the election in 1863 and 1866 I saw Mr. Cave between 12 and 20 times, but I never mentioned my claim to him, because he had not been placed on the commission of the peace.

Mr. Charles Gammon said the plaintiff called on him in June, 1863, and asked him if he would like to serve the office of under-sheriff again. He replied, "Yes, I rather like the office, and if you can get a good man for sheriff I will take that office." There were some emoluments from the office of under-sheriff, but not so many as formerly. It, however, paid, and the introduction was very good. He told him that he would not guarantee the preliminary expenses. He afterwards saw Mr. Cave and made arrangements with him about the election. The plaintiff devoted an enormous amount of time to the election.

Mr. Day, in addressing the jury for the defence, said his client, Mr. Cave, had courageously come forward to resist what he deemed to be an extortionate claim, and observed that his learned friend Mr. Hawkins had probably been retained by the plaintiff not merely on account of his general learning and talent, but because having been the unsuccessful candidate for Barnstaple when Mr. Cave was elected he was likely to invest the case with a peculiar degree of interest. That Mr. Hays did busy himself about the election there could be no doubt, but it was as the jackal of Mr. Gammon, who would greatly benefit if Mr. Cave happened to be successful. Those who filled the ancient and dignified office of sheriff had not only the honour of going to the Queen's balls, but the pleasure of attending executions at the Old Bailey; they received fees and perquisites upon different kinds of writs and processes, and were entitled to the clothes of the criminals who were executed. (Laughter.) There was little or nothing on which the sheriff was not entitled to levy poundage, or demand emolument, and all the receipts went into the pocket of the under-sheriff, who received about £1,200 in his year of office, and had the pleasure, moreover, of appearing with sword and buckles in the company of the sheriff on all important occasions. It was for securing this substantial boon that Mr. Gammon employed Mr. Hays, and it was totally untrue to say that Mr. Cave ever employed the latter to act as his agent.

Mr. Thomas Cave, the defendant, was then examined at considerable length. He said he first became acquainted with the plaintiff when he was acting director of the Anchor Insurance Company. He was brought to them by the solicitor of the company as a person who could collect debts. The defendant then gave this account of the interview on the 13th June:—The plaintiff asked me if I was open to become a candidate for the shrievalty of London and Middlesex. I received the application with a good deal of coolness. He said he was employed by Mr. Gammon to get a suitable candidate. I doubted his representing Mr. Gammon. I made no bargain with him on that occasion. I did not promise to pay him a hundred guineas. Not a word was said about his remuneration. Having described what arrangements he made with Mr. Gammon and Mr. Ledger, whom he afterwards saw, the defendant deposed—I said to Hays, "I suppose it is clearly understood that you will get your remuneration, whatever it is, from Mr. Gammon," and he replied that would be so. I said something of the same kind to Mr. Gammon, and he said, "Leave him to me. I shall pay him." I understood Hays and Gammon were on good terms, and lived together in the same house. I never heard a single word about my being brought from Cremorne, and I do not believe any were. I never was a party to packing the hall. It holds about 6,000 persons, and it was crowded. Between the election and November, 1866, I saw Hays many times. He came to me about being a director of companies, and for various other purposes, but he never spoke to me about this claim.

Cross-examined by Mr. Slater: I knew the plaintiff as a theatre man. I employed him once to procure a person to give some Shakespearian readings at a party I gave. He never dined with me privately anywhere. I am a member of parliament. I have no other business or occupation. I retired from the discounting business in 1863. The plaintiff brought me business in that way. I do not remember more than one transaction with him. He was a bill for some thousands, of Mr. E. T. Smith. I am anxious to make a statement, my lord, because the allegations of the learned counsel (Mr. Hawkins), in his opening speech, are, if not grossly untrue, at least grossly exaggerated.

The Lord Chief Baron said he was entitled to reply to anything which he thought affected his character.

Mr. Cave: Then I wish to say I never retained my friend Mr. Sergeant Atkinson to speak for me at the hustings, nor did he stand there for any such purpose. I have been asked what I was before I discounted bills. I was a druggist and vinegar brewer at Midsomer, in a large way of business. I invested a large portion of my savings in the Anchor Insurance Company, together with Mr. Lee, M.P. for Midsomer, and many of my friends. At the urgent request of a number of shareholders I undertook to be managing director of the company, and endeavoured to deliver it from its difficulties. For three or four years I faithfully did that work, and to a certain extent succeeded. I lost a great deal of money by it, and made none.

In reply to questions of counsel, he further stated that his discount business in the City was very large, amounting to about a million sterling in the year, and that he thought Mr. Hays's connection with him was highly damaging; but he did not tell him not to act for him at the election, because if he had done so he might have gone over to the other side. (Laughter.)

The jury, without leaving the box, found a verdict for the defendant.

THE ALLEGED FENIAN COLONEL.

The prisoners, Burke and Casey, were again brought before Sir Thomas Henry, at Bow-street, on Saturday.

Mr. Poland read a further portion of the correspondence between Burke and Mr. Kylock, relating to the purchase of arms, and containing allusions to the war in America, as if the arms were for use there. One letter predicted a "large sale of arms" in Germany.

John Joseph Corydon: I am going on for twenty-six years of age. I was formerly in the Federal army of the United States, first as private, I was afterwards an officer. I knew this gentleman first as Burke, afterwards as Winslow. I knew him in the army in 1862. He was a sergeant of engineers in the Federal army, 5th New York. I afterwards knew him as a captain in the same regiment. In 1862 I was concerned in the Fenian organisation, in which I was at one time a centre. I joined it at a place called Harrison's Landing in the State of Virginia. I first saw the prisoner in reference to the Fenian organisation in July, 1865, in the city of New York, first at a picnic, and afterwards at the headquarters of the organisation. The picnic was got up with the object of raising money for the purposes of the organisation. nothing was said at that time about the organisation. The headquarters were at Union-square. None but principals of the organisation would be allowed to go in there. John O'Mahony, who was the head of the Fenian organisation in America, was there. At that time I was often coming from Ireland with despatches to New York. They were from Colonel Kelly in Ireland to John O'Mahoney in New York. While in New York I was intimately acquainted with Stephens. He was in gaol when I left. By Kelly I mean Colonel Thomas Kelly, the man who was rescued at Manchester. I knew a man of the name of Deasy intimately. He was at the meetings I attended. All the American

officers were at those meetings, sometimes about thirty in number, sometimes less. I have seen Burke in company with Deasy, O'Connor, and other officers. The object of the organisation was to overthrow the Queen's Government in Ireland, and to establish a republic in its stead.

Mr. Thomas Hamilton: I am a resident magistrate at Cork. On the 21st November, 1866, I received some information, in consequence of which I went down to the quay on the following morning, to see the steamer *Halcyon*. I went in my capacity of sub-inspector of constabulary. Two large boxes were pointed out to me by Constable Courtenay as suspicious bales. I had them forced open. One contained 50 Enfield rifles and bayonets. The smaller contained 15. They also contained eight brass bullet moulds and eight packets of spare nipples. They were addressed to "J. Daly and Co." The larger was marked "Giffard Balts; D 4" (in a square). The smaller was marked "American Leather Cloth, E" (in a diamond). I produce the ship's manifest. The steamer was from Liverpool to Cork. I produce one of the eight rifles and one of the eight packets of spare nipples.

Mr. Kylock, being recalled, said he had examined the rifle produced, and it was one that he had sold. He could not say what particular person he sold it to, but those he sold to Burke were of a precisely similar description. I sold him 500 of them. The bullet-mould and nipples are precisely similar to those I sold to Burke. This bayonet does not belong to this rifle, but I sold similar bayonets to Burke.

At this point Mr. Giffard intimated that he was not prepared to go any further now. He should now ask for a further remand, and probably by the next examination another prisoner would be in custody.—Remanded.

PASSING A FICTITIOUS CHEQUE.—William Pittman, a young man living at 314, Albany-road, Camberwell, was placed at the bar before Sir Sidney H. Waterlow, charged with obtaining two coats by false pretences.—John Bell, manager to Mr. Reynolds, tailor, 203, Fleet-street, said that on the 15th of November the prisoner came to the shop and bought an overcoat for £2 2s., and an under coat for £1. 8s. 6d., and asked him if he would take a cheque for them. He said he did not mind doing so, as he had been a customer so long. He had dealt with Mr. Reynolds for two years. The prisoner then said as he was ordering he would order a pair of trousers and waistcoat, which he did, and they came to £1 1s. 6d., making in all £5 2s. They were to be sent home on the Friday following. The prisoner then drew a cheque-book from his pocket, and filled up a cheque for £5 2s. on the Regent-street branch of the London and South-Western Bank. He asked witness if he would have it crossed or open, and he replied that he would prefer it open. Witness sent this cheque to the bank, and it was returned with the words "No account" written across it. He also ascertained that the cheque-book did not belong to the prisoner. He would not have let the prisoner have the goods if he had not believed that the cheque was a genuine one. He went to the prisoner's father in Stamford-street, but could not see the prisoner. Mr. Pittman was a highly-respectable gentleman, and had been practising as a solicitor in Stamford-street for many years. From information he received, he went with James Hann, detective officer, to 314, Albany-road, and gave the prisoner into custody for obtaining goods by false pretences. He (prisoner) said nothing in answer to this charge.—Mr. Walter Pearson, cashier to the London and South-Western Bank, Regent-street Branch, said he knew nothing of the prisoner. He did not keep an account at their bank, and never did. The cheque produced was presented to him for payment about the 15th of November, and he wrote across it "No account."—The prisoner was remanded for some formal evidence.

SCENES AT THE FIRE.—George Miles, a young man, described as a porter, was charged before Mr. Knox with resisting and assaulting Police-constable Robert French, 220 C, while on duty at the fire at Her Majesty's Theatre.—French said: At half-past twelve o'clock I was on duty at the fire at Her Majesty's Theatre. I requested some persons, amongst them the prisoner, to keep back, and the prisoner refused, and struck me a violent blow on the arm, and one or two on the cheek, knocking my helmet off. He was quite sober. The flames could not work, and prisoner would not stand back.—The Prisoner: I hope you will forgive me, as I have never been locked up before.—Mr. Knox: There was a fire at Her Majesty's Theatre and instead of assuring the firemen in their work you prevent them doing it, and then, when the constable does his duty in trying to keep you back, you assault him. I will not have the constables knocked about, and you will go to prison for a month.—John Williams, a young man, was charged with resisting and assaulting Police-constable Wm. Eastman, 64 C, while on duty at the fire at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Eastman said: About two I was on duty at the fire, when the prisoner tried to break through the line, and on telling him to keep back he came sprawling up to me, and with an oath said he would fight the best man amongst us, and on my attempting to put him back he struck me a violent blow on the breast.—Richard Chivert, 61 C: The prisoner came up with three other men who were assisting in removing property from the fire, and wanted to force his way through the line. The men said the prisoner had nothing to do with the work, and the police then told him to stand back, upon which he put himself into a fighting attitude, said he would fight any man in the police, and stepping up to the last witness, said, "You are about my mark," and struck him. On the way to the station the prisoner was very violent.—Mr. Knox committed the prisoner for a month.

EXTRAORDINARY CARRIER OF A GERMAN.—Auguste Fischer, a German, of miserable appearance, was charged before Mr. Knox with being found in the coach-house of Lord Crewe, Farm-street Mews, supposed for the purpose of committing a felony.—John Hartley, coachman to Lord Crewe, said he found the prisoner lying down in the coach-house, with a horse-rug round him. He sent for a constable, and gave him into custody.—Police-constable Holman, A 147, said, on rousing the prisoner, he showed him an empty purse, signifying that he had no money.—The prisoner was asked, through Mr. Albert, for his defence, and said that, being without money, he went into the coach-house to sleep, the door being open. He had come to England to get work, being unable to do so in his own country. He had never been in the hands of the police before at any place.—Mr. Knox remanded the prisoner for the purpose of communicating with the German Society, so that the prisoner might be sent back to his own country.—On the prisoner again being brought up, Mr. Knox handed to the interpreter, M. Albert, a letter received from the police authorities of Bunzlau, in Silesia, which gave the following history of the prisoner's career:—"In 1842 the prisoner, being then only 8 years of age, was convicted of setting fire to a house, and sent to the prison for juvenile offenders at Schwerditz, to be detained there until he was 14 years old. The prisoner was discharged in 1849, and sent as an apprentice to a carpenter, from whose employment he absconded several times. In May, 1851, he was convicted of theft, and sentenced to seven months' hard labour and twelve months' police surveillance. After being discharged from prison he commenced a vagrant career, and was several times in prison in different parts of Europe for felony, beggary, vagrancy, and infringing the regulations laid down by the police as to the route he was to take.—The prisoner asserted that he had not been convicted of felony for 14 years. He did not go into the stable to commit felony.—Mr. Knox would not act on any conviction that had taken place abroad, but taking the prisoner's general character into consideration, he must conclude he went into the stable for an improper purpose, and he should therefore have no hesitation in committing him for three months, with hard labour.

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